

TWENTY CENTS

MAY 31, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



NATIVE DANCER

A little heartbreak, then a burst of glory.

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSN: 0020-7179

VOL. LXIII NO. 22



Carter's makes a modest proposal

Last summer Old Man Weather persuaded thousands of men to rediscover something . . . namely that Bermuda shorts are incomparably comfortable hot weather garments. Now, you may never wear shorts to the office. But, if you wear them at all, be sure to get the right underwear to go with them.

Carter's Trigs Briefs are right in every way. Because they're knitted, not woven, they have a "give" which eases every action. Happily, too, knitwear is absorb-

ent, an obvious warm weather bonus. And like all Carter's knitted underwear, Trigs Briefs are designed with uncommon attention to man comfort.

But, best of all, and this is our modest proposal — Carter's Trigs Briefs will not reveal themselves under any shorts. N.B.: Trigs Bermuda Briefs, with mesh side-panels, are specially designed for hot weather. See Carter's complete warm weather line. The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Massachusetts.



At these and other fine stores: Boston, Jordan Marsh Co. • Chicago, The Fair Store • Dallas, James K. Wilson • Dayton, Walker's, Inc. • Denver, Daniels and Fisher • Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co. • Minneapolis, Powers • Newark, Bamberger's • New York, Wallack's; S. Altman & Co. • Philadelphia, Jacob Reed's Sons • Portland, Me., Fortaux, Mitchell & Braus



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City County State

Occupation Date of Birth



MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

"FIRST IN AMERICA"

Read This before You Next Change Oil

Current claims for many modern motor oils tend to obscure one basic fact: *there are good oils and there are poor oils, at whatever price.*

In HD (High Detergency) oils, for example, chemical additives perform useful functions that give the oils a better opportunity to lubricate.

But additives, in themselves, do not lubricate.

They can be added to any oil. To very good oil.

To very poor oil.

The quality of the basic oil is what determines the kind of lubrication your motor gets.

That's why...

Today's BEST oils start with Nature's BEST crude

Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil and fortified by carefully selected additives, they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

Keep the power
you bought

INSIST on a brand of

PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania



Old Russian Habit

Sir:

Long before our reporters were ever born to cover the Geneva Conference, William Shakespeare knew the Russian tactics and types of talk bandied by them (*Love's Labour's Lost*):

*We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my
lord,
They did not bless us with one happy
word.*

MIREILLE DE FISSE

Marseille, France

Added Shakespeare:

*... Frozen Muscovits ...
Will they not, think you, hang them-
selves ... ?—Ed.*

The Heroes of Dienbienphu

Sir:

Your reporting on "The Fall of Dienbienphu" [TIME, May 17] was a masterful exhibition of journalism.

CLARENCE CURRY JR.

Omaha

Sir:

... This tragic fight at Dienbienphu, instead of splitting French opinion, brings unanimity and greater courage for the ever-increasing majority of French non-Communists ... Americans should not perpetually sneer at our French government for being lousy; they should try to improve their own ...

FRANÇOIS BALLANDE

Boulogne-Billancourt, France

Sir:

... Was it necessary to say so bluntly [May 10] that "the U.S. had counted postwar France as a great power, and in agonizing reappraisal, the U.S. now knew that this had been a great mistake"? ... Surely the defense of Dienbienphu was in the highest tradition of French arms ...

CHARLES H. RUSSELL

New York City

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LETTERS

Sir:

... Why do we try to play ball with the decadent French nation, which is eroded by Communism, the Gaullist money-bugism, and political frustration? Apparently it will not ... face up to the necessities of unity, discipline and responsibility ... Let's have the "agonizing reappraisal" and shape a policy of action that will omit France from any plans as a key factor for defense of the free world.

MARGARET M. KELLY

Long Branch, N.J.

China's Red Bosses

Sir:

Many thanks for all your enlightening news on Chou En-lai [TIME, May 10]—the kind of information so badly needed. You handled the deadliest weapon against the threatening Communistic ... systems in the widespread publication of the naked truth on the personalities of these Red gods and the crimson trails of their careers ... I have no doubts that the terrible truth of such consistent information will have greater effect than the now flourishing hate campaigns launched by the Russian press ...

R. DOORMAN

Lagos, Nigeria
British West Africa

Sir:

During the days of the united front in China (1938-39) before the Stalin-Matsukoka pact, my husband [George Fitch] went to Yenan from Chungking with Chou En-lai. The truck on which they traveled was so overcrowded that they rode atop the driver's cab. At that time, Chinese as well as the other Chinese Communist leaders—wore peasant garb and espoused poverty. Chou was very friendly; Mao Tse-tung even asked my husband to come back and organize a Y.M.C.A. in Yenan. Both, however, told my husband that no Christian could join the Chinese Communist Party ...

In 1946 my husband was regional director for UNRRA in Honan, where a stupendous project for land reclamation was being implemented by the Nationalist government ... The project involved ... negotiations with the Communists, since [the Yellow River] ran through territory which they controlled ... Communist Chou proved a hard bargainer. The Nationalist government was to pay for the dike repair; UNRRA must

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TIME
May 31, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 22

TIME, MAY 31, 1954



The open window shirt is up to its neck in collar styles

Manhattan makes collars the big news in lightweight summer shirts—spread collars, button-downs, short points and round collars. Thousands of tiny windows in the many open weave cotton fabrics keep you cool. And *Manhattan* Manformed tailoring fits your figure, keeps you neat

and comfortable. In white and colors. *Shown on model:* Vericool Crew, rounded spread collar with stays, \$3.95. Left to right, Lenolace Wythe, medium spread collar with stays, \$4.50. Lenoweave Dress 'N' Play, convertible spread button-down collar, \$3.95. Koolpeek Blake, short point spread collar with stays, \$3.95. Other lightweight shirts to \$10.00.

Manhattan
LIGHTWEIGHTS

Your
"TWO-SUMMER"
Shoe!

FLORSHEIM
NYLON MESH

Want to make your Summer shoe dollar do two Summers' work? Then switch to Florsheim Shoes of cool, cool, long-wearing nylon mesh combinations. Smart, street-shoe styles; dark, light, or tweedy meshes; comfort and economy for this Summer and next!



The KENMOOR, S-1541, brown calf U-wing tip with brown flecked nylon mesh.

Most Florsheim Styles
\$17⁹⁵ and higher



The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago 6 • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

furnish flour for the workers—5,000 tons, to be exact. Up to that time, only about 35,000 tons of flour had been received for all of China. By this time the taste of power had changed Chou in other ways. Instead of the peasant garb of Yenan days, he wore imported British woollens, fine silk underwear, sported a gold-mounted toilet kit. Mr. Fitch offered Chou En-lai his own bed, said he would sleep on a cot. Contrary to all tenets of Chinese courtesy, since Mr. Fitch was a guest in his country and a much older man, Chou accepted. Power . . . goes to one's head, and the Chinese Communist, still mouthing hollow promises, is no exception.

GERALDINE FITCH

Leonia, N.J.

Shine on Schine

Sir:

Is that beautiful, modern, triple-tier halo that you picture in your May to issue flying away from Private Schine or coming in for a landing?

ALVIN IVES

Scarsdale, N.Y.



Associated Press

SCHINE & MCCARTHY

Sir:

Is the "halo" . . . given by McCarthy in lieu of an Army promotion?

MITCHELL S. SELIB

Boston

¶ Neither stars nor halo; merely a chandelier.—ED.

The Greenbelt Affair

Sir:

If there is anyone who still doubts that McCarthyism is a clear and present danger to the country, let him read and ponder your May 10 story on Abraham Chasanow of Greenbelt, Md. At a time when students in colleges and universities are urged by their elders to become active in civic affairs, the plight of a man who has devoted 13 years to unselfish service to his neighbors and his community is not reassuring. You are to be commended for digging out and printing Chasanow's story.

JOHN RYLAND SCOTTFORD JR.

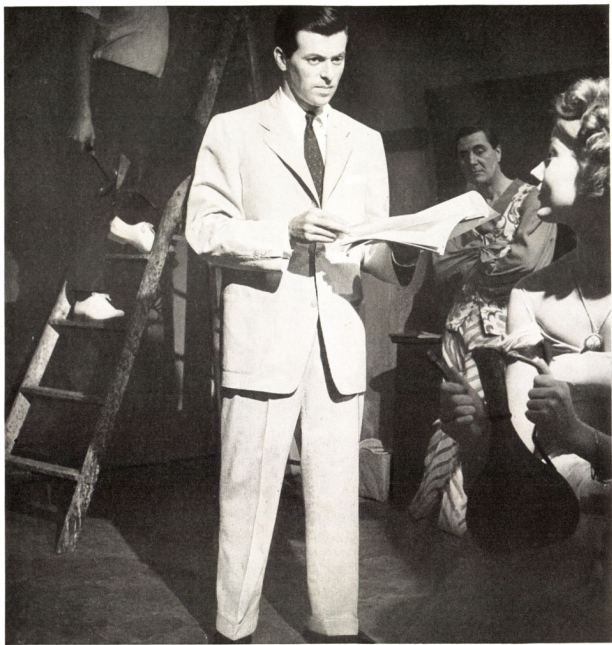
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

One of the Navy's charges against Chasanow included "subscribing to the Communist newsletter *In Fact*." It is obvious to me, editor of *In Fact* from its inception in 1930 to its death in 1950, that the Navy acted without consulting the Department of Justice.

Several times in the decade I had reports of similar charges against Government employees. I took this matter up with Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, the Department of Justice

TIME, MAY 31, 1954



New kind of seersucker washes without losing its press !

When the new seersuckers made with "Orlon" and cotton were first introduced, most buyers had a "show-me" attitude. Now, those same men are enthusiastic boosters. They were delighted to find that "Orlon" really does make seersucker a "wash 'n' wear" suit—just follow the simple washing instructions and wear *without ironing!*

They found these new seersuckers avoided the "slept-in" look, that they

stayed crisp and neat for days of wear. And because of the "wash 'n' wear" quality of these new seersuckers made with "Orlon", they could wear a fresh suit as often as they wanted, with minimum upkeep. Enjoy the advantages of "Orlon" acrylic fiber in "wash 'n' wear" suits, slacks and sport coats this summer.

HASPEL of New Orleans makes this smart seersucker shown here, in classic stripes as well as the new narrower stripes.

Orlon®

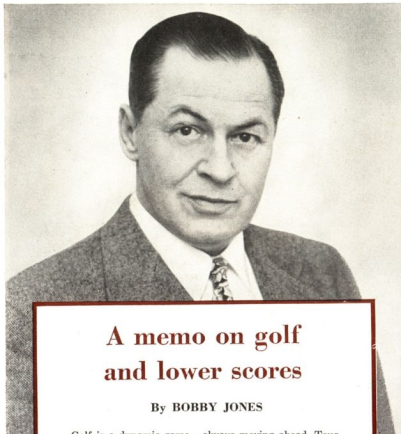
ACRYLIC FIBER

"Orlon" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments.



A memo on golf and lower scores

By BOBBY JONES

Golf is a dynamic game — always moving ahead. Tournament players keep setting new records. Week-end golfers are scoring better. And the older player is maintaining his top game longer.

One big reason is that playing equipment is being constantly improved.

As an executive of Spalding, which for over twenty years has been making Jones clubs, I have sat in and helped on a new method of golf club construction that has already figured in some unusual accomplishments by players of all degrees of skill.

Basically what we have worked out at Spalding is a new way to control weight distribution (we call it Synchro-Dyned). This has enabled us to produce: (1) a set of clubs of uniform "feel," (2) a set in which every wood, every iron responds uniformly to the player's habitual swing. Both these factors encourage more accurate striking and result in more effective play.

Robt. L. Jones Jr.

SPALDING

Synchro-Dyned® Golf Clubs

BOBBY JONES WOODS AND IRONS . . . JIMMY THOMSON WOODS

and the Loyalty Board. In every instance, orally and by letter, I was assured by all Government officials that my newsletter was on no subversive list . . . On July 1, 1953 I appeared before the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations (Senator McCarthy, chairman) and testified under oath that I had never been a member of the Communist Party and that *In Fact* was not in any way associated with that party. On July 2 it was reported in the press that Senator McCarthy "said later that Mr. Seldes and Mr. Freeman had sworn that they are vigorous anti-Communists, with Mr. Seldes testifying that he never had had Communist affiliations. Neither of the two, Mr. McCarthy added, would be called to public-hearing questioning."

Nevertheless, since last July the old false charges keep appearing. If they were true, I would be liable for prosecution for perjury. What more can a man do to clear himself than testify under oath before a Senate committee?

GEORGE SELDES

Westport, Conn.

Sir:

. . . It is good that a respected magazine like *TIME* should tell the story; otherwise we would not believe that such a shameful thing could happen . . . It is your ministry to remind the public again and again of the consequences of hysterical anti-Communism, which loses sight of the real enemy in the confusion which it itself creates.

Keep hammering . . . at the difference between the Communists, who are a very real danger, and loyal citizens, whose rights to think for themselves, to make mistakes and to change their minds, are being taken away.

FREDERICK JENKINS

New Haven, Conn.

The Magazine of Sport

Sir:

In better days, J. M. Patterson and R. R. McCormick offered a prize of \$25,000 for the winning title of a magazine they were preparing, and they paid the money to somebody for the name *Liberty*. *TIME* [May 17] now announces that [TIME, Inc.] will publish a weekly covering sports, and that it has not yet been titled. For anything from \$25,000 down—but anything—may I suggest that this new publication be named SWEAT?

JOHN CHAPMAN

New York City

Sir:

. . . Why not call it SCORE? There's one in every game.

FRANCES E. TOOHEY

Fort Lee, N.J.

Sir:

I suggest . . . GO . . .

NORMA SUE WOLFE

Richmond, Va.

Sir:

. . . I bet nobody ever thought of calling it MUSCLES.

ED ADAMS

Chicago

One Touch of Venus

Sir:

You report in the May 17 issue that *National Geographic's* new editor John La Gorce's office is "cypress-paneled." How I envy him! Mine is cypress-paneled, but lucky La Gorce's is paneled with the birthplace of Venus.

C. A. PAUL

Elkin, N.C.

☛ *TIME's* Press section is appalled.—Ed.



IT'S HARD TO BE FUNNY ABOUT MONEY!

(The umpteenth ad on the subject) By Mr. Friendly

To write this poem was quite a strain,
I beat my brains out, brain by brain.
Trying to be bright and funny
On the theme, *we save you money!*

I have said this umpteen times,
Now I'm running out of rhymes!
To keep me sane—to end my woes
I've written all the facts in prose!*

AMERICAN MUTUAL

*Service from salaried representatives in 78 offices!
Savings from regular substantial dividends!*



* THE \$83,613 CASE OF W. C. HAMILTON & SONS

Company: W. C. Hamilton and Sons, Miquon, Pa., one of the largest fine paper mills in the U. S.

Record: An American Mutual policyholder for 16 years.

Savings through lower premiums: \$63,680 in past 8 years alone.

Savings through dividends: \$19,933 in 8 years.

Total savings: \$83,613.

Moral: If you are interested in a service that can help reduce costly accidents and premiums to way below average . . . and help raise employee morale, write for the complete case of W. C. Hamilton & Sons, American Mutual Liability Insurance Co., Dept. D-144, 142 Berkeley St., Boston 16, Mass.

©1954, AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY

Are you tired of messy typing?



Get the cleanest, neatest-looking letters you ever signed for only a penny a day. Just trade in your old typewriters at 5 years instead of 10 for new Royal Standards.

What do new Royal Standards give you? They increase typing production, turn out letters you'll be proud to sign, and memos and reports worthy of your business.

They'll help raise office morale, too, and provide better employee relations—intangibles that are hard to define but mighty apparent when missing.

Besides, Royals are the finest, most rugged precision writing machines built. They take less time out for repairs, too.

An added point is this: Royals are preferred

2½ to 1 in business by people who type. So, you're providing your folks with the popular typewriter.

It's well worth while to turn in your old machines at 5 years instead of 10. About a penny a day per machine is all it costs. Ask a Royal Representative to demonstrate the new Royal Standard and explain the penny-a-day story.



Building—through business—for a better America! Support Junior Achievement

ROYAL®

CALL YOUR ROYAL REPRESENTATIVE

{ He's listed in the
Classified Telephone
Directory

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Dear Time-Reader

TIME began printing its Pacific edition, now one of the four international editions (the others: Atlantic, Latin American and Canadian) in Honolulu during the war. This edition was distributed in Hawaii, the Pacific Ocean area and the Far East. After the war TIME also started printing in Tokyo. Early this year, transportation and supply facilities had improved to the extent that it was logistically and economically feasible to consolidate all our Pacific printing in the one plant in Tokyo. Plans were made to close down the Honolulu printing operation.

With this change we also decided to do something that we had wanted to do for some time: send the U.S. edition of TIME to the Territory of Hawaii. And now, I am pleased to announce that plans are completed to do this. From now on, more than 12,000 copies from the early press run at our Los Angeles printing plant will be marked "Air Speeded Edition." These weekly shipments will be loaded aboard planes in Los Angeles and 9½ hours later will arrive in Honolulu ready for distribution.

In the U.S. edition the readers in the Islands will be getting the same TIME editorial content as they did in the Pacific edition. The only difference will be in advertising content. The advertisements in the Pacific edition are naturally aimed at customers in Asia and the Far Pacific. Hawaii is part of the American market. Last year, for example, the Islands imported \$400 million worth of goods from the States. Particularly as statehood gets closer, it is only logical that readers in Hawaii should get the U.S. edition. TIME is glad to add this one additional tie between the mainland and the Islands.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



Girl in the middle

Middle of what?...and who is she? She's one of our trained workers inspecting an electron tube under a microscope.

And she's one of many Western Electric people squarely in the middle of the Bell System team that brings you better and better telephone service.

Here's how that team works:

Bell Laboratories people design something new and better—perhaps a tiny tube, or it may be switching equipment that weighs tons. *Western Electric* engineers then work out practical ways for our people to *make* these things in whatever quantities the Bell telephone companies need, whether it is ten or ten thousand. And *Telephone*

Company people operate the equipment in the pleasant, satisfactory way you know about.

So, our girl—like the rest of us at Western Electric—is in the middle of a three-way team. Our aim, like the aim of all members of the Bell System, is to give you telephone service that grows steadily better and more valuable.



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Vetoe Vetoe

For weeks, barely below the diplomatic surface, there had been growing friction between the two great powers of the Western alliance. Finally, last week there was a spark big enough to blow British-U.S. differences into headlines all around the world. At his press conference Dwight Eisenhower said that the U.S. might move forward in a southeast Asia alliance without Great Britain. In the House of Commons, Winston Churchill agreed with a Laborite who said that the opening of U.S.-French talks on Indo-China without Britain was "inconsistent with the spirit of the Western alliance." While some subsequent analyses of the U.S.-British rift were grossly exaggerated (Pundits Joseph and Stewart Alsop labeled one column "The Dissolving Partnership"), the Western alliance was obviously under considerable strain. Why?

The Backing Out. At the Four-Power Conference in Berlin last January, U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles voiced a warning to Britain's Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden and France's Foreign Minister Georges Bidault: if Indo-China were included on the agenda of the Geneva Conference, the Communists would inevitably try to improve their bargaining position by an all-out military attack.

Eden and Bidault agreed that the Communists might do just that. But they argued that public opinion at home forced them to take the risk; the French thought that they could beat off the Red attack. Reluctantly, Dulles agreed to put Indo-China on the agenda.

As the Berlin Conference adjourned, Britain wanted a three-power conference forthwith, on what the West's Indo-China policy should be at Geneva. But Dulles could not stay to confer; he had to hurry back to the U.S. to explain the plans for Geneva to Congress. In any event, as the British soon found out, a conference at that point would have accomplished exactly nothing. Reason: the French had no idea what they wanted with regard to Indo-China, except peace at almost any price.

The Communist move that Dulles had anticipated in Berlin was not long in coming. "Almost as rapidly as they could issue orders and gather their forces," as one Administration official said, the Viet Minh began their assault on Dienbienphu. It was quickly apparent that, in spite of high

words from the French, Dienbienphu was going to fall. Dulles began to search for a countermove that would shore up the West's bargaining power. He decided to propose a conference on "united action" in Indo-China by ten powers—the U.S., Britain, France, the Associated Indo-Chinese states, Thailand, the Philippines, New Zealand and Australia.

Dulles hurried to London to get a British commitment. He dined with Churchill



INDIA'S NEHRU
Between strong ties, a dangerous link.

and Eden, proposed that the conference begin in Washington just eight days later. Churchill and Eden agreed—or at least the U.S. got that impression. Then, just two days before the conference was to begin, British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins called on Dulles with bad news: he had been instructed by London not to attend. Later, Sir Roger explained that the British Foreign Office, in agreeing to the conference, had overlooked the forthcoming Colombo, Ceylon conference of Asian Premiers. A precipitate British move to promote united action in Indo-China, he said, might be disastrously interpreted at Colombo as retrograde colonialism.

The Poised Shears. In Washington, this explanation was received in bitter silence. At the State Department Anthony

Eden is considered far too seasoned a diplomat to have overlooked the Colombo Conference. U.S. officials knew that British public opinion and the strains of domestic politics were exerting strong pressure against a firm stand in Indo-China (see FOREIGN NEWS), but they were convinced that some specific development must have triggered the British decision to back out. Before long the State Department reached a conclusion: Churchill and Eden had changed their minds because India's Premier Jawaharlal Nehru (who has been communicating almost daily with Eden) insisted that they do so.

Explained a high U.S. policymaker: "The ties that hold India to the Commonwealth are slender, and Nehru stands there with the shears poised, ready to snip them off whenever London does not do as he likes. Churchill has been highly critical of Labor for letting India go so far. He does not want to be responsible for its loss entirely. Nehru thus is in a position to exert very strong pressure on London. In fact, the Indians hold a veto over the United Kingdom, just as Chinese Communists in a sense hold a veto (by fear, if nothing else) over India. The final question is: Does the United Kingdom hold a veto over the U.S.?"

Last week Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles answered the final question clearly, in the negative. The ties between the U.S. and Britain are strong, natural and enduring, but the U.S. cannot permit Neutralist Jawaharlal Nehru to hold a veto over its foreign policy. To do so would permit the strategy of Communist China, through a chain of diplomatic vetoes, to hamstring the strategy of the U.S.

THE PRESIDENCY

"Ain't I Lucky?"

The President's daily schedule of appointments is usually pretty dull: a conveyor belt of officials and politicians who pass through his office at intervals between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m. and dump their problems and requests on his desk. One day last week President Eisenhower got a welcome surprise when Lynda Widerberg, a pretty blonde in a soft blue organdy dress, walked into his office and announced, "I was going to kiss you."

Ike was delighted. "Well, why don't you?" he shot back. And with that he picked up three-year-old Lynda and kissed her. Then, beaming, he turned to greet

Lynda's sister and brothers, her mother and her father, Willard Widerberg, 34, a seventh-grade teacher from De Kalb, Ill., who had just been named "Teacher of the Year" by the U.S. Office of Education and *McCall's* magazine.

"I Got a Medal." A moment later the photographers crowded into the office and posed the Widerberg family around the President. In the midst of the picture-taking Ike suddenly slipped his shell-rimmed glasses over the nose of Gregory Widerberg, 6. Greg blinked in surprise. After the pictures, the President went behind his great desk and beckoned to the kids in his best grandfatherly manner.

"Come on around here," he said, rummaging through the desk drawers, "and we'll see if I haven't got something for you." As the children gathered around him, Ike fished out two quarters and two dimes, tried to divide them among the four children. But Lynda was too quick, scooped the two dimes from the desk.

Then Ike found a small penknife. He glanced at the older Widerbergs, got an approving nod, and gave it to Will. For Dawn the President inscribed a photograph. A small gold-cornered notebook made a fine souvenir for Greg, and, as an added prize, the President found a silver dollar for Lynda. "Oh, Mommie," she said, "I got a medal." As the Widerbergs were ushered out, Lynda held up the silver dollar, exclaimed to reporters, "Ain't I lucky?"

"I Was Astonished." The children's hour was the President's only public respite in a busy week. One day he faced a restive press conference, ran into a barrage of questions about the Army-McCarthy hearings and his executive order barring testimony on the now famous meeting of Jan. 21 (see below). Said the President: "I have no intention whatsoever of relaxing or rescinding the order because it is a very moderate and proper statement of the division of powers between the Executive and the Legislative. Now when I saw in the paper allegations to the effect that the issuance of that order could be used as a reason or excuse for calling off hearings, I was astonished."

The Jan. 21 meeting had been called, he continued, because the Army "had to have advice. That was the purpose of that meeting. . . . Now the only reason I issued the order was because I saw . . . that there was going to be a long sidetrack established . . . that had no possible connection with this investigation. Far from me trying to get any investigation off the track, I was merely trying with the timely statement to keep it on the rails. . . . I want to see this thing settled conclusively . . . let the chips fall where they may."

The President thought the shipment of Red arms to Guatemala (see HEMISPHERE) was "disturbing." He hinted that the Caracas resolution, calling for united action against Communist domination or control in the Americas, might eventually be invoked.

Last week the President also:

☛ Flew to Charlotte, N.C. for ceremonies

commemorating the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration, a document supposedly adopted by the citizens of Mecklenburg County, N.C. 14 months before Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. (Jefferson denounced the Mecklenburg Declaration as spurious, and some historians hold that it is a confused version of the much milder, conditional Mecklenburg Resolves of May 31, 1775.) The President's real purpose in making the trip was to give an assist to Representative Charles R. Jonas, 49, who is up for re-election this year as North Carolina's sole Republican Congressman. Without any open endorsements or overt politicking, Ike managed to give Jonas his beaming blessing. The President, said a G.O.P. strategist, "is like a man with an umbrella—everyone wants to stand under it with him."

☛ Paid tribute, at the annual dinner of the Women's National Press Club, to Mlle. Genevieve de Galard Terraube, the gallant French nurse who was captured at Dienbienphu and finally released by the Communists this week (see FOREIGN NEWS). Said the President: "She stirred the pride of every individual who loves freedom."



GREG WIDERBERG & FRIEND
For an unabashed miss, a kiss.

INVESTIGATIONS

Pin Wheels

Joe McCarthy went on record last week in favor of fireworks; he was one of three Senators who voted against a bill to ban shipments of fireworks into states where they are outlawed.

Although the McCarthy-Army hearings were in recess, there were plenty of pin wheels whirling around the issues they had raised. By their fitful light and the rockets' red glare, it was plain that the Eisenhower Administration was determined to quench Joe McCarthy.

The Long Furrow. In his press conference the President held firm to his order barring testimony about the confidential Jan. 21 discussion in the Justice Department in which White House aides took part (see above). Army Secretary Stevens belatedly issued a statement that the discussion did not govern the Army's actions, and that the Army had taken no orders from the White House. Stevens repeated the statement under oath this week.

At this, the committee's three Democrats saw their error in denouncing the presidential order as a roadblock to further hearings. And committee Republicans backed away from their hopes to cut the hearings short, gritted their teeth in preparation for what Army Counsel Joseph Welch has labeled "plowing the long furrow."

All week long, Senator McCarthy chafed. On Wednesday he said, "For the first time since I got into this fight to expose Communists, I'm sort of at a loss to know what course to take. I think the White House made a great mistake. I'm willing to play with any kind of deck they use, but I don't like to see my staff up against a stacked deck." Thursday the Senator was punching harder and lower. "This is the first time I've ever seen the executive branch of the Government take the Fifth Amendment," he said, and charged that the Administration "must have something to hide." Friday he hinted sinisterly, "I think the truth would hurt some people in the Administration." And Saturday he backed up a little, merely calling the President's order "unfortunate and unwise."

The Frantic Reach. Meanwhile, McCarthy had spun in another direction. On the Senate floor for almost an hour and a half, McCarthy scolded the Eisenhower Administration for allowing allied nations to ship "the sinews of economic and military strength" to Red China.

Within minutes Foreign Operations Administrator Harold Stassen shot back. Said Stassen: "Senator McCarthy stated in his speech that what he was saying 'sounds fantastic and unbelievable.' What he says is fantastic and unbelievable—and untrue." Stassen declared that the shipment of weapons of any type to the Soviet bloc "has been banned, is banned and will continue to be banned" by the U.S. and her allies. McCarthy, he added, "is frantically reaching for head-



Harris & Ewing

FOA'S STASSEN
Face regained.

lines after the sorry spectacle of his record in the recent hearings."

At a later press conference Stassen branded McCarthy's speech as false in "just about every paragraph," and charged: "It is one thing to have an honest difference of viewpoint and another thing to give false facts in order to reach a really vicious conclusion."

Stassen, who had been waiting his chance to lash back at McCarthy ever since a year ago when they tangled over McCarthy's private negotiations with Greek shipowners, had chosen his time well. A year ago, the President did not back Stassen up, instead allowed Secretary of State Dulles to conciliate McCarthy at a sacrifice of Stassen's prestige.

This time it was different. At last week's National Security Council meeting convened, Harold Stassen asked the President: "Did I get out of line at all yesterday?" Ike replied, not a bit; that all Stassen did was call the man a liar to his face.

A Responsible Witness

Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens returned to the Mundt committee's witness stand this week, slightly windblown from a brief Montana vacation. It was his 14th day of testimony. He was called for only one purpose, carefully specified by Committee Counsel Ray Jenkins: was Stevens responsible for the Administration's actions in the case of Private G. David Schine? Or did the responsibility lie higher, perhaps in the White House?

To questioning by Jenkins, Stevens affirmed that Army Counsel John Adams received suggestions, but not orders, from Justice Department and White House officials when he conferred with them. If McCarthy's charges against the Army are true, Senator John McClellan asked Stevens, "Are you the one who is responsible?" Said Bob Stevens, "Yes."

But this did not satisfy McCarthy, who had charged Stevens with "blackmail," but now seemed to wish that the accused would assert his innocence by passing the buck up the chain of command.

McCarthy asked again and again if Stevens had received orders or advice from outside the Pentagon. Stevens answered again and again that he, Stevens, was responsible. Said he: "Certainly there was consultation and advice, but the responsibility is mine."

McCarthy: Did you order the preparation of the formal charges [against McCarthy & Co.]?

Stevens: I think it would be a fair assumption that I did.

McCarthy: We can't assume things.

Stevens: I'm responsible.

McCarthy: Did you order these smear charges prepared, strike the word smear? Secretary Stevens laughed.

McCarthy: This is no laughing matter. I want to find out whether you are telling the truth, and you grin and smirk and laugh.

Stevens: I think that's a bit uncalled for, if I may say so, Senator.

A moment later Jenkins was telling Stevens, "It may be that your failure to give a direct answer to a direct question accounts for the fact that you've been on the stand so long."

Stevens gave many viewers the impression that he was evading. But this impression arose from McCarthy's assumption that "orders" were given or taken by Stevens in this case. Stevens and his aides had probably consulted with scores of officials during the development of the Cohn-Schine affair. One made this suggestion, another wrote that sentence. To unscramble all that would be clearly impossible—and irrelevant. An official often tries to dodge responsibility by retreating into the bureaucratic maze. Stevens did the opposite. He took the responsibility and sought no refuge in "orders." Finally, Stevens succeeded in making this point.

"You don't seem to be able to understand," he told McCarthy, "that often people have to get together to exchange views, and there is no written order." What Joe McCarthy understood quite well was that the more high Administration officials he could involve, the longer he could avoid taking the witness stand himself.

THE CONGRESS

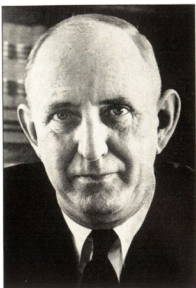
Youth v. the Constitution

For years our citizens between the ages of 18 and 21 have, in time of peril, been summoned to fight for America. They should participate in the political process that produces this fateful summons.

—Dwight D. Eisenhower's

State of the Union Message, 1954.

The U.S. Senate last week voted 34 to 24 in favor of the amendment that would add to the nation's electorate 6,200,000 youths between 18 and 21. But the vote fell short of the two-thirds majority



Arnold Newman

GEORGIA'S RUSSELL
Rights retained.

needed. The 24 Senators who blocked the amendment were all Democrats, many of them Southerners, who based their opposition mainly on the principle of states' rights.

The Constitution vests in state legislatures the power to set the qualifications of voters in federal as well as in state elections. This power has been curtailed by constitutional amendment: in 1870 the 15th Amendment gave the vote to Negroes and in 1920 the 19th Amendment gave the vote to women. Unlike discrimination against a race or sex, the question of minimum voting age, a purely arbitrary figure at best, failed to confront the Senators with a compelling issue of democratic justice.

Senator Richard Brevard Russell, whose native Georgia is the only state where 18-year-olds already have the vote, led the anti-amendment attack. Said Russell: "I think that permitting all those attaining the age of 18 to vote in my state has worked very well . . . but I do not propose to vote to coerce any other state of the Union to follow the example of my state. Neither do I propose to vote for an amendment which would put my state in a straitjacket."

Although the amendment failed, Dwight Eisenhower could take satisfaction in a rare display of solidarity by his party: not a single Republican vote was cast against him.

Also last week in Congress:

¶ The Senate Banking and Currency Committee agreed on an intricate housing bill incorporating portions, but not all, of the President's housing program (see BUSINESS).

¶ The Senate passed, 73 to 3, a bill to ban shipments of fireworks after July 1 into states where fireworks are illegal.

¶ The Senate passed a \$5.7 billion money bill for independent Government agencies (e.g., Veterans Administration, TVA,

Atomic Energy Commission), \$287 million less than the Administration's request, but \$135 million more than the House had voted.

¶ The House cleared for the President a money bill giving \$3,332,732,700 to the Treasury and Post Office Departments, \$6,050,300 less than the Administration's request.

¶ The House Appropriations Committee voted to increase each Congressman's office expense allowances (for stationery, postage, clerks' salaries, etc.) by \$5,551 a year. Total cost: \$2,414,710.

POLITICAL NOTES

The Four-Party System

A politician once said that between elections Hoosiers firmly believe in a four-party system: two Republican and two Democratic. For the past 18 months Indiana's two Republican parties have been illustrating the proposition by engaging in a bitter political war. Last week, in the wake of primaries that shifted control of the party organization, there were few signs of a truce.

Ever since June 1952, when Lawyer George North Craig of Brazil, Ind., went after the nomination for governor, Indiana's two Senators, Bill Jenner and Homer Capehart, have opposed him. Craig, one-time national commander of the American Legion, won the nomination, and five months later was elected by the biggest landslide in Indiana history.

Craig, a blunt, direct-spoken politician who was governor at 43, did not bury the hatchet. In dispensing state patronage and favors, he ignored followers of Capehart and Jenner. In late December, before the governor had even taken office, Jenner warned: "George Craig will only push me so far." Soon, indeed, Craig encountered stronger resistance. A rebellious state senate, presided over by a Jenner man (and with a 4-to-1 G.O.P. majority), took Craig's ambitious program and gave it a severe hacking.

Craig retaliated by using his patronage power, which was infinitely stronger than the federal patronage leverage available to Jenner and Capehart. Since practically no state employees enjoy job tenure in Indiana, the patronage-poor Senators were soon complaining that Craig was buying allegiance to his side with jobs.

Last January they counterattacked. In a swift and skillful political coup, while Craig was keeping a speaking engagement in Topeka, Kans., they ousted Noland Wright, pro-Craig chairman of the Republican state committee, and installed 32-year-old Paul Cyr, an O.S.S. veteran of World War II, handpicked by Jenner and Capehart.

But Cyr could not run his machine without fuel—and the Senators could not supply him with enough jobs. In this month's party primaries Craig won control of the state committee and replaced Cyr with a Craig man, Alvin O. Cast.

Jenner and Capehart conceded defeat with as much bad grace as they could



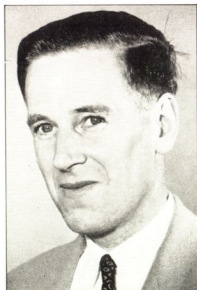
INDIANA'S CRAIG
Pushing, hacking and prying.

muster. Said the Senators: "We see no further good to be gained by having fine, loyal [Republicans] further threatened, coerced, browbeaten and tortured. Therefore, we are recommending to all our loyal friends that the Republican banner in Indiana fly under the leadership of George Craig . . . and men of [his] ilk."

ARMED FORCES

Saucer Project

The U.S. Air Force, which has batted down many a flying-saucer report, has long wished (in private) that it could build one. By last week, the Air Force was prepared to invest heavily to make



CANADA'S FROST
Forward, backwards and sideways.

hallucination come true. Air Force men have inspected a Canadian mockup saucer, approved a more advanced design, and hope within three years to have a prototype that can take off straight up, hover in mid-air, and fly at mach 2.5 [nearly 2,000 m.p.h. at sea level]. Its designer: John C. M. Frost, 35, a tall, shy Briton with a passion for flowers and flying saucers.

The Coanda Effect. Frost, who lives in Toronto with his wife and son, helped to design wartime gliders, later the Vampire jet and DH-108 tailless jet. As chief design engineer for special projects at A.V. Roe Canada, Ltd. (part of Britain's famed Hawker-Siddeley aircraft group), he worked on Canada's first home-built jet fighter, the CF-100. Meanwhile, in a top-secret screened area at Avro's Malton plant, he designed flying saucers—at least one 40-ft. mockup, with a flattened end and spindly undercarriage. This model, quickly nicknamed he "Praying Mantis," was designed to take off at a 40° angle after a short run.

But Frost wanted a vertical take-off—which is quite a trick. Even such a powerful jet engine as Pratt & Whitney's J-57, with about 10,000 lbs. of thrust, can barely lift its own weight vertically. After countless wind-tunnel tests, Frost finally found what he thinks is a solution in an aerodynamic principle known as "the Coanda effect."

Rumanian-born Henri Coanda, 68, a successful inventor who lives in Paris, designed a primitive turbine-engine plane in 1909 and a scale-model saucer in 1947. But his great contribution to the art of making flying saucers was the principle he discovered in 1937: curving one side of a nozzle will deflect a jet blast to follow the curved side.

The Russians Ahead? Around the Coanda effect, Avro's Frost created a startling design shaped like a saucer, 40 ft. in diameter, with a squat jet engine in the middle and a bubble cockpit perched above. From the engine's 35 burner tubes blasts would radiate to 180 exhaust ports all around the saucer's edge. To apply the Coanda effect the pilot needs some kind of movable control over one lip of each exhaust. To take off he would set these controls to deflect the blasts downward. The downblasts carry along with them more air from above the plane than from below it. This decreases air pressure on the top, causing the saucer to rise.

If he rises as he is supposed to, the pilot would then reset the exhaust controls for normal jet flight. He could fly in any direction by choosing the appropriate set of burners in his circular power plant. So that he would always be facing forward, the cockpit would rotate automatically as the craft changed direction.

Fantastic as Frost's saucer sounds, it may not be the first. The USAF's willingness to spend money on saucer-plane experiments results from a growing belief that the Soviet Air Force may be ahead of the U.S. in this field.

NEWS IN PICTURES

MEMORIAL DAY: LEXINGTON TO KOREA



CUSTER BATTLEFIELD, on hill above Montana's Little Bighorn River, marks site of 7th Cavalry's last stand in 1876 massacre.

Ted Townsend

Corporal Roger Marshutz—U.S. Army

PUSAN CEMETERY contains graves of 2,450 G.I.s and troops of 15 other United Nations killed during the Korean fighting.

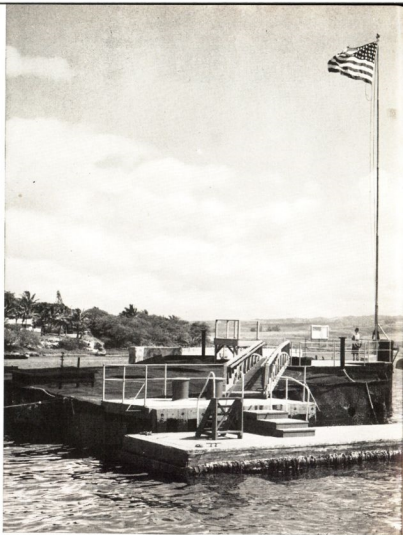


Robert Jeffrey

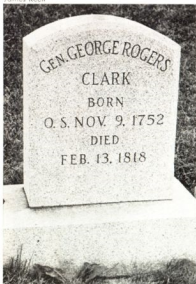


SOUTHERN GENERAL "Stonewall" Jackson was accidentally killed by his own riflemen at Chancellorsville. Grave is at Lexington, Va.

PEARL HARBOR attack is commemorated by shrine above submerged hulk of U.S.S. Arizona, which holds bodies of 1,092 sailors.



James Keen



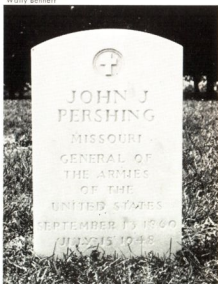
THE REVOLUTION: Leader of expeditions that saved Northwest Territory for the U.S. is buried in family plot in Louisville.

Wally Bennett



CIVIL WAR: Portrait of cavalry commander who drove through Shenandoah decorates tombstone over Arlington Cemetery grave.

Wally Bennett



WORLD WAR I: Plain Government headstone on Arlington hill marks grave of commander of American Expeditionary Force in France.



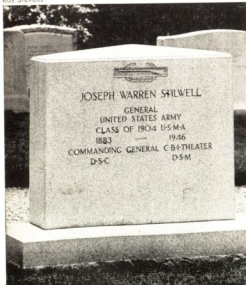
Werner Stoy

Roy Stevens



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM, early leader of the Revolution, is buried beneath heroic statue in home town of Brooklyn, Conn.

Roy Stevens



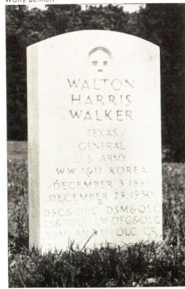
PACIFIC THEATER: Hero of Burma campaign has West Point memorial decorated with Combat Infantryman Badge. His ashes were scattered over Pacific.

Pierre Boulton



EUROPEAN THEATER: Commander of Third Army is buried with 30,000 G.I.s in U.S. cemetery at Hamm, Luxembourg.

Wally Bennett



KOREAN WAR: Leader of Eighth Army, killed in jeep accident on way to front north of Seoul, is buried in Arlington.

COLORADO

The Cross That Was

On Sunday, Aug. 24, 1873, pioneer Western Photographer William H. Jackson and his helpers clambered up the iced boulders of Colorado's wild Sawatch mountains with a bulky camera, primitive film, darkroom tent and developing chemicals to make the first photograph of a natural wonder: the Mountain of the Holy Cross. Jackson made thousands of other pictures, but Holy Cross was considered his masterpiece. Despite technical progress, the thousands of Holy Cross photographs made since never surpassed Jackson's famous picture. And none, it turned out last week, ever will.

Legend has it that two 18th century Spanish monks first found and named the 14,000-ft. mountain with the cross,

years ago, when the cross was no longer apparent, the National Parks Service recommended to President Truman that the mountain be taken off the list of national monuments. He acted accordingly.

The bells had scarcely stopped ringing last week when Colorado quietly called off the rest of the 25th anniversary ceremonies.

THE SUPREME COURT Six Steps Forward

In its historic decision on racial segregation (TIME, May 24), the U.S. Supreme Court dealt directly with only one phase of the problem: public schools. This week, the court gave a much broader scope to its anti-segregation position. In six separate cases, the court:

❑ Directed the Florida Supreme Court to



Wm. H. Jackson from Culver

JACKSON'S PHOTOGRAPH OF SAWATCH MOUNTAINS
The bells stopped ringing.

formed by two great snow-packed crevices. After Jackson's picture made the mountain celebrated, pilgrims and plain tourists came by the thousands. Eventually, just 25 years ago, President Herbert Hoover proclaimed the mountain a national monument. With due ceremony, Colorado last week began to celebrate the monument's 25th anniversary.

Governor Dan Thornton put out a proclamation, and Denver's Mayor Quigg Newton called for "a pilgrimage in spirit to the Mount of the Holy Cross." On the City Hall carillon, *Faith of Our Fathers* and other suitable anthems were played. The *Rocky Mountain News* wrote: "The hand of the Creator wrinkled the brow of this majestic peak in a symmetrical cruciform that cradles the ice and snow of ages..." An apologetic mountaineer heard the bells, read the paper, and called the *News* to say that something had been overlooked. The left arm cross has been crumbling away from slides and erosion. Four

reconsider, "in the light of" last week's decision, its refusal to order the admission of four Negroes to the University of Florida.

❑ Ordered a U.S. Court of Appeals to reconsider, for the same reason, the case of Alexander P. Tureaud Jr., a Negro who is seeking admission to Louisiana State University.

❑ Refused to review an Appeals Court decision that Hardin Junior College in Wichita Falls, Texas must admit six Negro students.

❑ Directed a U.S. Appeals Court to reconsider its refusal to order a Negro admitted to shows presented in the municipal amphitheater in Louisville.

❑ Refused to overturn an Appeals Court decision that Houston must let Negroes use municipal golf courses.

❑ Upheld a California Superior Court decision ordering the San Francisco housing authority to admit eligible applicants to public low-rent housing projects without regard to race or color. The authority had

sought to defend its policy on the grounds that the facilities would be "separate but equal."

This week the Court also upheld, 7-2, a section of the McCarran Internal Security Act that says an alien must be deported if he was a Communist at any time after he entered the U.S. The opinion was written by Justice Felix Frankfurter.

SEQUELS

The Idiot

"Let's play at some game" suggested the actress.

"I know a new and most delightful game," added Ferdishenko.

"What is it?" asked the actress.

"Well, when we tried it we were a party of people, like this, for instance, and somebody proposed that each of us, without leaving his place at the table, should relate something about himself. It had to be something that he really and honestly considered the very worst action he had ever committed in his life. But he was to be honest—that was the chief point. He wasn't to be allowed to lie."

—Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*

Handsome young Dennis Wepman moved to Manhattan from his home in Florida in 1951 with plans to write a novel. Inspiration was lacking until a friend, Harlow Fraden, confided that he planned to poison his parents. To Wepman this sounded like fine material for a book. While Fraden tricked his parents into gulping cyanide-spiked champagne last August, Wepman lurked in the corridor, taking notes. They framed the murder as a suicide pact (TIME, Dec. 28).

For four months the deaths remained on record as suicide. Then, one night, Wepman and a literary-minded girl friend began playing the game suggested by Novelist Dostoevsky. Wepman told her about the murder. Horrified, she passed it on to the police.

Fraden was committed in February to the Matteawan State Hospital for the criminal insane, but psychiatrists reported that Wepman, although mentally ill, was not legally insane. Last week he was sentenced to 20 years to life.

Taken to Sing Sing, he asked for a typewriter. Perhaps he was ready to begin his novel.

Money & Time

Two St. Louis policemen—Lieut. Louis Shoulders and Rookie Elmer Dolan—were hailed as heroes for arresting the kidnapper of little Bobby Greenlease, but their glory faded fast: half of the \$600,000 ransom had vanished. Dolan was suspended from the force, and Shoulders resigned; then both were convicted of perjury for lying about handling the ransom money. On the stand, burly (235 lbs.) ex-Copper Shoulders broke down and sobbed: "How much can a guy take?" Last week came the answer and sentences: three years in prison for Shoulders, two for Dolan.

CRIME

The Geiger-Counter Murder

Until three months ago, Kanab (pop. 1,287) was a peaceful, elm-shaded Mormon oasis amid the wind-worn rocks and wild hills of south-central Utah. Basically a cow town, it was a pleasant stop for tourists and a sometime location for Hollywood westerns. Three months ago, Kanab's quiet was disturbed by the discovery of commercial-grade uranium ten miles east of town.

Steadily, uranium fever mounted. Some 1,300 claims were filed on lands in the surrounding desert and mountains. Outsiders came to Kanab to prospect, and among them was Leroy Albert Wilson, 62, a brawler, an inventor, a Mormon excommunicated for defending polygamy and the leader of a strange band of men and women. Last week Wilson was found on his left side, lying on a sandy, sunny slope, a Geiger counter still clicking in his right hand. Six .45-caliber slugs had torn great holes in his back and head. He was the first man to be dry-gulched, as prospectors in the Old West so frequently died, in the 20th century rush for the new glamor metal, uranium.

The Claim Jumper. Wilson was no run-of-the-desert prospector. He was something of a legendary figure, 6 ft. 3 in., 240 lbs., loud-voiced, belligerent and shrewd. His past included periods as a salesman of insurance, stocks and bonds, and for a time he was a manufacturer, in Salt Lake City, of water heaters. He had hundreds of patents in his name.

A few years ago he formed a colony in the mountains above Veyo, a tiny farming settlement about 100 miles northwest of Kanab. Only its members, both men and women, know what the colony stands for. Outsiders did know, however, that Wilson was absolute ruler of the Bull Valley settlement.

Wilson's colony heard of Kanab's uranium strike. He and some of his followers left their mountain fastness to take hotel rooms in Kanab. Wilson had prospected the Kanab area before and filed claims. Other prospectors assumed that he planned to develop or sell his property.

Instead, Wilson energetically went after more claims. He was a college graduate with a good knowledge of mining laws. He bluffed some prospectors out of their claims, simply jumped the claims of others who refused to deal with him.

The Jolly Farmer. For eight months before his death, Wilson had off and on dealings with Tom Holland, a 6 ft., 200 lb. farmer from Beryl, a hamlet 150 miles to the northwest. Holland, who is as jovial as Wilson was bellicose, came to Kanab in a house trailer, with some vague agreement to work on Wilson's claims. The partners fought, made up, fought again. One day last week Holland and Wilson were observed in town, apparently in a rare mood of good fellowship. They set off to inspect new claims, returned that night, and made plans to meet the next day.

The Practical Joker. Before they met, the town was jolted when a stranger appeared at the Kane County recorder's office. In one hand was a chunk of ore, in the other a Geiger counter. The rock seemed to be super-rich with uranium. One prospector who saw it said: "It made that there jagger counter go nuts!" The stranger excitedly told the recorder where he had found the rock, in a seldom-visited foothill area west of town, the opposite direction from the February strike. He filed his claim for the usual 20 acres.

On the street that day, he met Wilson, told him of the discovery and then disappeared. A few days later, investigation revealed that the stranger was an Arizona uranium miner who had staged his performance only as a practical joke.

It was no joke for Leroy Wilson. He

behind about twelve feet. This man, it seemed, had shot Wilson and not even walked forward to examine the body. His tracks led back to the place where the car had been parked.

The sheriff made plaster casts of the footprints. Holland was arrested at his farm next morning. He denied the killing.

In the grey stone jail at Kanab, the 49-year-old Holland retains his amiability. His story: after one unsuccessful attempt to reach the area, they took another route. When the car came to a gorge Wilson got out alone to continue the journey on foot. Holland went back to town, took a nap in his trailer, bought a bottle of whiskey and spent a gay evening with some prospector friends.

The Root of Evil. Sheriff Meeks had been, as he says, "bird-doggin'" for evidence to back up his charge of murder



KANE COUNTY'S SHERIFF MEKS
He wants a .45 and a pair of shoes.

and Holland set out for the area of the new find in Holland's car.

The Sheriff. The next afternoon, Sheriff Mason Meeks heard that Wilson was missing. Only a few hours earlier, a rancher had told the sheriff of a strange automobile which had stood on his fence line the afternoon before. A slip on the steering column showed that the car was registered in the name of Tom Holland.

Big, level-eyed Sheriff Meeks lacks training as an investigator. "Hell," he drawls, "I'm just an ex-cowhand." But he has an innate caniness that serves him well in enforcing the law, with only one deputy, over 3,800 square miles. Notified that Wilson had not returned, he went to the spot where the car had stood. From there he followed two sets of men's tracks, leading into the hills. Just before sundown he found Wilson's bullet-torn body. The tracks indicated that the two men had walked side by side until they came to the gully. Then one had dropped

against Holland. As this week began he was still trying to uncover two important pieces of evidence: the murder gun and shoes that will match the plaster casts. "This scientific investigatin' ain't my dish of tea," he says, "but I got one big advantage. These people around here will talk to me." The sheriff is not as confident about the immediate future of Kanab.

"Used to hear about the gold fever that hit the oldtimers," he says. "Terrible thing it was. Many a man was murdered in cold blood because of it. Well, we got a new one now, uranium fever, and as long as the fever lasts and people keep on claimin' everything in sight and them outside promoters keep swarmin' in here with their big-money offers, there's bad trouble ahead."

But as he said goodbye to a reporter, he added: "Come back and see us again when maybe we'll have a little more time to show you we got more worthwhile things in Kane County than uranium."

THE CAPITAL

You Can't Go Home Again

"I joyously accept the verdict of my party . . . I shall possibly be enjoying the ecstasy of the starchy stillness of an Arizona desert night," said **Henry Fountain Ashurst**, "or the scarlet glories of her blooming cactus, the petrified forest which leafed through its green millenniums, and put on immortality 7,000 years ago." That was in 1940 when Orator Ashurst, defeated for re-election, was delivering his swan song in the Senate. Last week, 14 years later, Ashurst, lively and loquacious as ever at 79, was still living in Washington. Widower Ashurst is a perennially popular extra man at the parties of Washington's wealthy widows, but he still longs for the starchy stillness and the scarlet glories (and, perhaps, for his old aisle seat in the Senate). And one of these days

Some erstwhile Congressmen have registered as lobbyists or established legal practices in the city. **Ernest McFarland** of Arizona lobbies for Western Union and RCA, and Missouri's **Albert Reeves** looks after the interests of the Dominican Republic. Former Senator **Burton K. Wheeler**, a brilliant lawyer, represents Robert R. Young and a group of railroads. Other lobbyists are **James P. Kem** of Missouri, **Fred Hartley Jr.** of the Taft-Hartley Act, **Scott Lucas** of Illinois, **Gerald P. Nye** is now the president of a records-management and microfilm company, hasn't been in North Dakota in years. **Joe Ball** has left Minnesota for greener pastures in Manhattan, where he is an official of a steamship agency.

Memoirs & Habits. Of some 1,000 living ex-Congressmen, a quorum is engaged, in Washington and in their home states, in the practice of law. Former Senator

ator," snorts Old Tawm, who still acts and looks like one.

Encyclopaedias & Chickens. The most famous ex-Senator of all, **Harry Truman**, went home to Independence to write his memoirs. Another memoirist, **Kenneth McKellar**, 85, is back in Memphis, after 41 years in Washington, and feeling "sort of poorly." Former Senator **Alben Barkley** is back in Kentucky this year. After a fling at television, he is diligently running for the Senate again.

The reputed dean of the shadow Congress, former Senator **Joseph E. Ransdell**, 95 (he served his freshman term in the 56th Congress of 1899), is bedridden at his Louisiana home. **Rush Dew Holt**, now 48, the onetime (1935) "boy wonder" of the Senate, switched his political allegiance in 1950, and is running this year as a Republican, for a seat in the West Virginia House of Delegates. Eight former



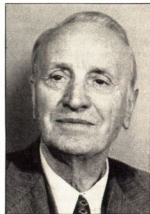
WHEELER



CONNALLY



NYE



Walter Bennett/Associated Press
ASHURST

In Washington an ex-Senator still knows somebody.

he is going home: "Just say that I'll be living in Arizona in my 90th year."

Loafers & Lobbyists. Last week there were more than 100 former Senators and Representatives, who, like Ashurst, were still around Washington. Some were in other branches of the Government; a few were making a lot more money than they ever made as Senators; some were just loafing and dreaming.

A few ex-members of Congress, such as former Senators **Richard Nixon**, **John Foster Dulles**, and **Sinclair Weeks**, and onetime Representative **Sherman Adams**, are at the top level of the Eisenhower Administration. Others have lesser jobs in the Government and the Republican Party; Washington's **Harry Cain** is a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board; New York's **Len Hall** is chairman of the G.O.P. National Committee; New York's **James Mead** is on the Federal Trade Commission. Still others hold important Government jobs outside Washington; **Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.** is U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations (his predecessor, ex-Senator **Warren Austin**, is living in retirement at his Vermont home); **Clare Boothe Luce** is Ambassador to Italy.

Joseph O'Mahoney represents Owen Lattimore, among other clients. **Millard Tydings** has a partnership with his father-in-law, onetime Ambassador **Joseph Davies**. **Bennett Champ Clark** and **John Danaher**, both former Senators, are judges of the U.S. Court of Appeals. One-third of the Supreme Court—Justices **Hugo Black**, **Harold Burton** and **Sherman Minton**—are former Senators.

In a class by themselves are the retired Senators who feel more at home in Washington than at home, and are living in retirement in the capital. **William J. Bulow**, 85, left the Senate in 1942, and drove home to Beresford, S. Dak. Within one month he was back in Washington, "where I knew somebody." **Owen Brewster** of Maine lives at the Mayflower Hotel, "just taking it easy," and fretting about the future of the G.O.P. **Texas Tom Connally**, after 24 years in the Senate, still finds it hard to shake off capital habits. He still regularly uses as an office the chambers of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, where he presided for years as committee chairman. There he keeps appointments and dictates letters and touches up his memoirs. "Some people think I'm still a Sen-

Congressman (South Carolina's **Byrnes**, Illinois' **Stratton**, Massachusetts' **Herter**, Virginia's **Stanley**, Connecticut's **John Lodge**, North Carolina's **Umstead**, Nevada's **Russell** and Delaware's **Boggs**) are now governors of their home states.

A number of erstwhile Congressmen have gone in for odd jobs. California's (once Broadway's) **Helen Gahagan Douglas** has gone back on the stage. Connecticut's **William Benton** is publisher of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; **Mon Wallgren** of Washington raises grapefruit in California, and **John Townsend** raises chickens in Delaware. **John Rankin** operates a tiny real-estate development in Tupelo, Miss., and former Congressman **John M. Baer** of North Dakota (1917-21) is a cartoonist for the paper *Labor*.

At least three living ex-Congressmen have served sentences in penal institutions. After serving his time, **Andrew May** is content to practice law in Prestonsburg, Ky. New Jersey's **J. Parnell Thomas** tried in vain to get back to Washington as a Representative. And Massachusetts' ex-Representative (and ex-Governor) **James Michael Curley**, 79, is again seeking the Democratic nomination for governor.

FOREIGN NEWS

GENEVA

The Penalty for Stalling

In Geneva last week, time was running out for the West. The Communists stalled. They could afford to.

For four days they faced the delegates of the Free Nations in secret sessions on Indo-China. The Communists' principal line repeated daily was that any settlement must be applied to all three Indo-Chinese states. The West retorted that Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia must be discussed separately.

Recognized Phantoms. When the West broke off in disgust for "a day of grace," the Communists baited the trap a little: Molotov agreed that three separate armistice commissions could be formed. This meant that France would have to accord tacit recognition to the phantom Communist regimes of Laos and Cambodia as members of the armistice commissions, but the hungry French called it progress. The U.S. diagnosis: "This session got nowhere."

But Communist stalling, by its very obviousness, was beginning to defeat itself. For one thing, it allowed France's doughty Foreign Minister Georges Bidault to resist arrogant Communist demands without repudiation from Paris. Likewise, stalling—plus the military threat to the Red River Delta (see below)—gave urgency to Bidault's insistent demands for help from the U.S. Warned Roger Seydoux, France's No. 2 diplomat in the U.S.: "France will not continue to be the foot soldier of the free world in Southeast Asia. The free nations will have to join the fight, not only with planes and ships, but also with troops." The U.S. replied with preliminary, tentative conditions: France must give Viet Nam complete independence, agree to step up its own military effort, accept an allied command.

Recognized Hazards. Most important, the Communists' stalling had at last raised some doubts in British minds. At week's end Foreign Secretary Eden sought out Chou En-lai and warned him that if he presses his demands too far, the U.S. might be provoked to immediate action. Chou, thinking he saw an opportunity to exploit allied differences, replied slyly that he counted on the British to restrain the U.S. Eden was shocked into firmness. There should be no mistake, he said. If a showdown came in Indo-China, Britain would fight at the U.S.'s side.

Eden flew back to London for a week-end conference with Prime Minister Churchill and Geneva's top advisers, then returned to Geneva with instructions to make it clear to the Communists that Britain's patience was nearing an end. Already the British had agreed to join in military staff talks in Washington. Unless Geneva produced results within a week or two, Eden indicated, Britain might stop listening and join the U.S. in shaping a Southeast Asian alliance.

GREAT BRITAIN

Peace & Prejudice

The neat package that Britain's Anthony Eden carried to Geneva a month ago seemed as sound and commonsensical as the British character, and guaranteed to please all domestic customers.

¶ By refusing to join the U.S. in "united action" before Geneva (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), Eden had the approval of Britons, from cautious Tories to hot-eyed Bevanites.

¶ By insisting on doing nothing without consulting Asian Commonwealth countries, he angled for the good will of India's



EDEN BY "PUNCH"

Nehru and those Britons who worry about Nehru's opinions.

¶ By holding out the hope that the Geneva negotiations might save Britain from tangling with the Communists, he had the hearty backing of those who instantly related talk of military action to the catastrophic prospect of superbombs falling on Britain.

¶ By casting Britain once more in its historic role as wise and experienced mediator, he proposed to achieve historic prestige for Britain and a personal triumph for himself.

But in four weeks, his policy had led Britain into appallingly deep trouble. Items:

¶ It had created a rift in U.S.-British relations which a Foreign Office spokesman admitted was "the most serious since the end of the war."

¶ Though it had indeed pleased India's Nehru, it had risked Commonwealth ties in other quarters, annoying Australia and New Zealand, which are both anxious to get on with the Southeast Asian alliance for their own security.

¶ It made Churchill and Eden, who 16 years ago had been the proud leaders of the fight against Munich, look alarmingly like appeasers.

¶ It allowed the world in general, and Asians in particular, to conclude that Britain would not defend anything in Asia against Communism, even Malaya, if it meant risking a world war.

Profitable Hours. The fact was that the policy was doomed from the start because it was made in a vacuum of unreality. It ran contrary to the basic policy of Britain's major ally, the U.S. (although U.S. policy flattered indecisively under the impact of Eden's rebuff). Its premise was that the situation in Indo-China was an old-fashioned military stalemate, and that it was possible to negotiate with the Communists, even though, in this case, it was negotiation from weakness. Eden talked of not "prejudicing" the negotiations by hasty action, while the more realistic Communists prejudiced the Geneva talks decisively by resolutely attacking Dienbienphu.

By publicly binding himself to inaction as long as the Communists were willing to talk, Eden made every hour profitable for the Communists. The longer they could keep Britain at the conference table, the longer they kept Britain and its allies paralyzed, and the wider the rift between Britain and its allies pressing for "united action."

Peacemaker. From London, Time's Bureau Chief André Laguerre called:

To explain how Britain was led into this deadfall, it is necessary to understand 1) Sir Winston Churchill, 2) Anthony Eden, and 3) the Tory Party.

Though most outsiders know that Churchill is getting old, few realize just how old and feeble he has become. Those who meet him, impressed by his vigor, fail to realize that his states of mind and health are fitful, and that his bad periods border on ineffectiveness. He wants to retire soon, but his obsession is to do it as the Great Peacemaker. For long, he dreamed of a dramatic personal meeting with Stalin or Malenkov, a "parley at the summit." Now, Churchill has settled his hopes on a spectacular Asian compromise as a suitable valedictory gesture.

Eden is impatient to take over as Prime Minister himself. An Asian settlement would let Churchill out and himself in. And as architect of the settlement, Eden would enter 10 Downing Street bathed in glory. The outside world has a mistaken image of Eden. It tends to think of him as the courageous anti-appeaser of the Munich days, who resigned rather than go along with Chamberlain's policy. But the truth is that he resigned only under pressure from his Under Secretary, the present Lord Salisbury. At the time, there was growing popular opposition to appeasement policies, and resignation was an astute political move which made Eden a

hero not only to some Tories but also to many liberal and left-wing Britons.

Today he is again a hero—but for opposite reasons. With the exception of *Punch* (see cut), no public voice has been raised against his policies. Even the far left *New Statesman* and *Nation* has hailed him as "the new darling of the Labor Left." Eden obviously relishes his role in Geneva, delights in recapturing the glamour of his League-of-Nations days. His friends picture him as the only real diplomat on the Western side. Is he not the only one who can lunch with the U.S.'s Bedell Smith or France's Bidault, yet take tea with Chou En-lai and dine with Molotov? The British newspapers are running over with enthusiasm for these exploits,

By and large, British voters do not think about foreign policies. They react, with decency but without information or reflection, and consequently emotionally. More than in the U.S. or France, the English voter is content to humbly leave such judgments to the experts. This is a situation which ensures a certain political stability, but it can become catastrophic when a government allows itself to be led instead of leading. It may be presumed that if the Tories had a substantial majority, they would show themselves more responsible than they are now. But that is a hypothetical situation.

Two Truths. Fortunately, within the Tory Party itself there are some who have become increasingly uneasy over the wait-

FRANCE

EDC Postponed

The keystone of Western defense plans for Europe is the European Defense Community and its formula for arming West Germany. At the Berlin Conference last February the U.S. thought it had made a bargain with the French: the U.S. would assent to French negotiations on Indo-China at Geneva if the National Assembly would consider EDC before Geneva began. Last week when EDC finally turned up on the calendar of the National Assembly's steering committee, it was hastily postponed even by its friends. Reason: it would be hazardous to put EDC to a vote until Geneva is over.

From Maurice Schumann, the Deputy Foreign Minister, came a dutiful word of warning: "For peaceful coexistence with Russia we must have a balance of armed forces . . . Ratification of EDC is more urgent than ever because Russia and her satellites are able to put 400 divisions into the field within 30 days . . . The Soviet air force now has 20,000 planes . . ."

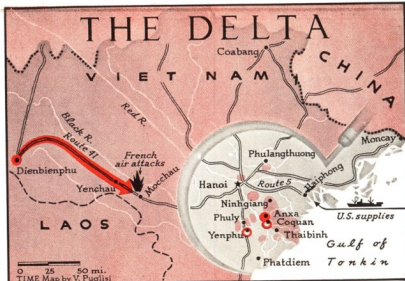
INDO-CHINA

Concentrate! Reinforce!

General Paul Ely, French chief of staff, flew to Hanoi last week to determine whether he could save the rice-rich Red River Delta. He came upon a darkening battleground. Red General Giap's advance guards were streaming through Mochau (see map), less than 80 miles from Hanoi; Giap's 90,000 irregulars inside the delta were taking Vietnamese company outposts at the tumble-down rate of five or six a week; and a special Red task force, some ten battalions strong, was pressing a tight, coordinated attack against the three French positions around Phuly, the logical start-off point for an offensive to cut the Hanoi-Haiphong road.

There was yet no certainty that Giap would move his 40,000-man regular striking force against the delta before or during the summer rains: he had taken bitter losses at Dienbienphu and might need more time to recover. But the French generals knew Giap and feared that he would exploit the stalemate at Geneva by grabbing fast, even with weakened forces, for all of Indo-China.

In Hanoi for two days, Ely inspected the wary defenses and conferred with Indo-China's Commanding General Henri Navarre and the northern-front commander, General René Gough. During these days the generals outlined a new command strategy: 1) Concentrate! Cogny must pull back from isolated forts, must rally for modern battle at selected centers in the plains; 2) Reinforce! Cogny must have at least two fresh divisions, about 30,000 men, to prop up the delta's teetering 70,000-man garrison. Ely was also reportedly ready to recommend Navarre's recall. Said one French officer when the conference ended: "The answer now lies with the statesmen, if we have any statesmen left."



without stopping to consider whether anything is gained by drinking tea with the Chinese Communists.

Business as Usual. As for the Tories, they are suffering from the same blindness which crippled them 20 years ago. Remember, it was the Tories, not the Socialists, who advocated appeasement of Hitler. No ideologists themselves, they find it hard to believe that the other fellow can be dominated by a philosophy or by a ruthless ambition. It is not gentlemanly. Just as they thought the Germans would be more tempted by Chamberlain's slogan, "Business as usual," than by dreams of territorial aggrandizement, so now they think the Russians and Chinese are more interested in consolidating what they have and in developing foreign trade than in expanding the Communist empire.

The Tories are also looking toward a general election. To win the extra 50 seats they need for a solid majority, the Tories will have to capture the floating vote, which just now seems to be drifting toward Labor. Their best chance, the strategists feel, is to disarm Labor's charge that Churchill meekly follows irresponsible U.S. policies which carry the risk of world war.

until-after-Geneva policy, and acutely worried over the possibility of a permanent Anglo-American breach. Their spokesman is the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord President of the Council and one of Churchill's closest advisers on foreign policy. Salisbury was the only Tory to publicly dissociate himself from Britain's recognition of Red China. At last summer's Washington conference, where he deputized for the ailing Eden, he was the only Western minister to declare that the Berlin conference (which led to Geneva) was a mistake. Then, he was overruled by Dulles and Bidault. Salisbury still holds two truths to be self-evident: 1) that British foreign policy should never diverge far from U.S. policy; 2) that it never pays to appease a scoundrel, whether fascist or communist.

In the present crisis, Salisbury has urged Churchill to set some time limit on talking to the Communists at Geneva, after which Britain could feel free to proceed with "united action." By failing to do this before, and by disregarding Salisbury's two principles, Eden and Churchill last week had brought Britain to one of the most unstable positions in its diplomatic history.

Angel's Return

In dusty sneakers and oversize camouflaged fatigues, the tired-looking air-force nurse stepped down from the hospital plane at Hanoi's Bachmai airfield. Two generals waited on the runway to greet her; a noisy throng of officers and friends closed in to cheer her, and a few reached through the crush just to touch her. Lieut. Genevieve de Galard Terraube, 29, —not four months in Indo-China, not yet one year out of nursing school—waved happily in the turmoil, then laughed. After 41 days of battle and 18 days of Red captivity, she was back from Dienbienphu.

"Stay for the Siege." Last March 26 Genevieve de Galard wrote a letter to her mother, the Vicomtesse de Galard Terraube, in Paris: "There is no reason why anything should happen to me . . . but I am about to leave for Dienbienphu. I am sure God will protect me, and the poor soldiers who are waiting to be evacuated surely deserve that every effort should be made to get them out." At 3 a.m. next morning she landed at the besieged fort, still wearing her blue uniform skirt, a lock of hair flopping loosely across her forehead.

Genevieve de Galard had flown to Dienbienphu many times before by moonlight (the planes would not tempt Communist fire by day), but this time the C-47 sprang an oil leak and could not be repaired until morning. Promptly at dawn the Communists knocked the C-47 out of the war, and Nurse de Galard was marooned with the garrison. "The boys have invited me to stay for the siege," she radioed her mother via GHQ.

"A True Soldier." Last week in Hanoi the wounded told the story of her next eight weeks. "She seemed a bit demoralized for the first two or three days," said a wounded French sergeant, "but she



Keystone Press Agency

DIENBIENPHU'S DE GALARD
The boys invited her to stay.

soon got hold of herself and started working at all hours of night and day." From scraps of radio-telephone and teleprinter messages from Dienbienphu, a legend was born: in headlines around the free world, Genevieve de Galard became "the angel of Dienbienphu."

In Geneva, the Red Viet Minh delegates talked about her; in Manhattan, student nurses prayed for her; in Washington, President Eisenhower said she should be named the "Woman of the Year." Before the League of Red Cross Societies, U.S. General Bedell Smith called her the epitome of nursing virtue. "Poor little one," said her mother the Vicomtesse in Paris. "She has no clothes to put on. She must have been wearing the same dress for 20 days. She is a true soldier."

"Courage under Fire." In Dienbienphu's underground hospital, amid the stench of death, antiseptics and rotting wounds, Nurse de Galard lost 18 lbs. in work and worry. She cut her hair very short; she switched at last to green fatigues, changing sometimes to a paratrooper's trousers and shirt. She had her own dugout with silk sheets, made from parachutes by one of General de Castries' orderlies, but more often she would sleep on a cot beside the wounded. Often, during the bitter days, she would take the last messages of the dying. "I am glad I am trapped," she once told GHQ. "I am proud to be here." Only once did she request a favor: she wanted new underwear, cosmetics and some clean blouses. But her package was dropped, like so much of Dienbienphu's supply, behind the Communist lines.

In Dienbienphu's last week of freedom, De Castries presented her with the Legion of Honor, kissing her on both cheeks. "The entire garrison wishes it could do the same," said the general. On May 4 he presented her with the Military Cross with palms "for courage under fire." Privately, De Castries told GHQ: "It is tragic that she must live here in this manner. She never stops working until she falls on her feet." As the Communists came in for their final assault, she sent her own final message to Hanoi: "Tell my mother not to worry. All goes well."

Not until last week did the Communists start releasing the wounded in sizable plane loads: by week's end 422 of a promised 858 were safe in Hanoi. Then came Genevieve de Galard. "I am quite well," she told the crowd at the airfield, "but I have nothing to say, and I have made up my mind about that." Then, still smiling, she was driven off into Hanoi for a medical check, a good meal and a quiet night's sleep.

MOROCCO

Change of Face

France has been just as slow in making way for nationalist aspirations in Morocco as it once was in Indo-China, with results that eventually may be just as bad. For the past nine months, as a French



Leo Rosenthal-Pix

MOROCCO'S LACOSTE

The old soldier was asked to leave.

resident put it recently, "Morocco has been living in an acute state of siege." Others called the iron-handed regime of the Resident General, Old Soldier Augustin Guillaume, a "police state," and even saw a prospect of civil war.

Since the French deposed and exiled fractious Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef last year, they have had no trouble with the complaisant new Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat. But they have had plenty of trouble with *Istiglal* nationalists, who scorn the new Sultan as a stooge. Since last August, the poorly organized nationalists, armed with smuggled hand grenades, homemade bombs, pistols and machine guns, have killed 101 persons, wounded 180 more. France's reverses in Indo-China have given the insurgents new heart. Recently, they circulated clandestine letters saying that "Casablanca will be another Dienbienphu."

Help from the Hills. In retaliation for the terror, Guillaume's police jailed a thousand suspects, of whom 300 still await trial. Day after day his gendarmes roamed the cities, questioning the rich and searching the workmen. If a suspect was caught with an out-of-date banknote (a symbol used by *Istiglal* members for identification), he was likely to be jailed on charges of "beginning the execution of an act whose nature would disturb public order." Guillaume has reinforced the police by bringing in solidly pro-French Berbers from the hills.

When Sultan Ben Youssef was banished, Paris dangled with the notion of sending another and milder Resident General to replace Guillaume, who was growing wary of the sticky political situation. Finally the pressure of alarmed French residents in Morocco and their friends in France became so great that Premier Laniel made his move. Last week, after considering a number of generals, diplomats, politicians and hacks, the government

picked a civilian, Career Diplomat Francis Lacoste, 48, to be the eleventh Resident General since Morocco became a French protectorate in 1912.

Hope for a Civilian. Francis Lacoste is no stranger to Morocco. In 1947 he was the Quai d'Orsay's delegate to Marshal Alphonse Juin's Moroccan Residency. Although he was no policymaker, he became an expert on Moroccan peasant problems and maintained friendly relations with the now-deposed Ben Youssef. A graduate of the University of Paris' School of Political Science, he served diplomatic apprenticeships in Belgrade and Peking returned to France during World War II, fought in the resistance, won a Croix de Guerre. Since the war he has had tours in Washington and in the U.N. (Security Council and Atomic Energy Commission). He first visited the U.S. as a student, speaks excellent British-accented English, calls the U.S. the "dearest place in the world to me after France."

Morocco's nationalists, many of whom would rather negotiate than fight, were heartened by Diplomat Lacoste's appointment. Said one: "Lacoste has always showed himself to be understanding. Perhaps we can take up the dialogue with him again." But *Le Monde* expressed the prevailing mood of Paris: "Whatever his qualities, the simple change of an individual cannot, in a situation so serious, have a magic effect. The results will depend on the policy adopted." For the moment, Paris had no policy to offer.

AUSTRIA

Pygmy v. Giant

Soviet High Commissioner Ivan I. Ilyichev, ordinarily a phlegmatic and silent man, last week summoned Austrian Chancellor Julius Raab and Vice Chancellor Adolf Schärf to his headquarters for a dressing down. Ilyichev accused the government, the two major parties, and particularly the Austrian police force (which operates under Austrian control, technically independent of the four-power Allied Control Council), of "hostile and subversive activities against the Soviet authorities and Soviet occupation forces." If the Austrians didn't do something about it, Ilyichev threatened, Russia would.

Chancellor Raab spunkily rebuffed the charges. He denied, for example, that veterans' leagues were getting out of hand and agitating for *Anschluss* (reunion with Germany); he admitted that anti-Soviet literature and posters might be circulating in the Soviet zone, but disavowed it on behalf of the government and police. He was backed up by his Cabinet and by nearly every member of the Parliament.

In taking this stand, small, occupied Austria looked rather like a pygmy standing up to a giant; but the pygmy had two powerful big friends. In Washington, Secretary Dulles sent off a sharp cable to the U.S. member on the Allied Council, characterizing Russian outburst as attempted intimidation. London backed Washington up.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The Man Between

For eight years Czech Social Democratic Leader Bohumil Lausman kept asking himself where he belonged. He wandered between the East and the West, between his allegiances to political democracy and to Marxist economics. Like thousands of other Socialists and Liberals, he kept trying to reconcile the two and kept failing.

Last week, four years after he chose the West and fled there to refuge, Radio Prague was proudly reporting that Bohumil Lausman had changed his mind and come home to Red Czechoslovakia. To all wavering Czechs the radio announcer trumpeted Lausman's words: "Four years of emigration spent in Western Europe were for me spiritual suffering and at

tionless and stayed on in the government as Deputy Premier.

Finally, in 1950, Lausman seemed to make up his mind. He fled to the West and denounced Czechoslovakia as "the best Soviet arsenal in Europe." The Prague regime called him a disguised U.S. spy; Czech émigrés called him a disguised Red spy. Bitter and unhappy, Lausman went off to Yugoslavia, where the West and Communism seem to meet.

Two Glasses. One day late last year he got word that an old friend wanted to see him in Paris. On Nov. 17 Lausman and a companion went to the corner of Avenue Charles Floquet and the Rue Desaix and there confronted the old friend, Czech Ambassador Gustav Soucek. Said Soucek: "The political line at home will soon change to a more liberal line." Lausman was fascinated. He eagerly sought a second meeting.

Last January, Landlady Anna Rabinger of Salzburg, Austria hurried to the police to report that Lausman had been missing from her pension since Dec. 23. The police searched his furnished room; all was in order, but on the table stood a half-empty brandy bottle with two glasses, as though he had entertained a friend.

Anticipated Confession. That was the last heard from Bohumil Lausman until a monotonous voice came over Radio Prague last week and began a *mea culpa*: "I voluntarily crossed the state frontiers on Dec. 25, 1953 and put myself at the disposal of the Czechoslovak authorities." Had Lausman returned voluntarily? It was possible that the old illusions had lured him back. But there was also the letter he had written a Dutch friend in mid-December: "If I should be kidnapped, then it is not impossible that after months of torture and maltreatment one will get a statement out of me. Should in a trial I plead guilty and confess, then such a confession is invalid. In such a case the foreign Socialist press should raise the demand that I . . . be brought to Paris, London, or Amsterdam and there repeat the confession. If the Czech government refuses to give permission, then this will prove the statement was gained from me by force and maltreatment."



SOCIAL DEMOCRAT LAUSMAN
Old illusions never die.

the same time a political revelation. I declare publicly that most of the émigrés . . . are in foreign service, and that in return for money spent by the Americans . . . they are lending themselves . . . to espionage, terrorism, diversionism and slander of the Soviet Union and of the People's Democracies . . . I regret . . . I must atone . . ."

Everybody's Spy. Lausman had never lacked physical courage. In 1940 he helped organize the Prague anti-Nazi underground, escaping to London just a jump ahead of the Gestapo; in 1944 he parachuted into Slovakia to lead the abortive Banská Bystrica partisan rising. But as the world split anew between Communism and the West, he lacked the intellectual courage to choose. In 1946 he praised the Russians; on Feb. 20, 1948 he turned about and said: "We are not naive enough to offer ourselves up to the Communists." But five days later, when the Reds kidnapped Czechoslovakia, he stood by mo-

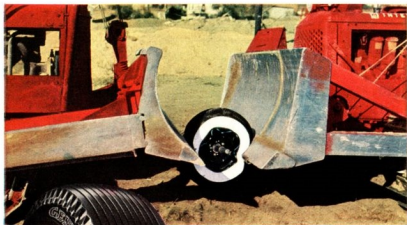
IRELAND

Down Dev

Each day for the past nine weeks a furious little motorcade raced back and forth across the roads of Ireland. In the lead ran a seek, black Packard with Ireland's Prime Minister slouched wearily in the front seat beside a tense driver; close behind came a darting blue Ford with its complement of sleepy detectives. In district after district where the caravan stopped, farmers and townsfolk clustered round for a look at the gaunt, aging (71) hero who had won political freedom for their nation in 1922 and guided its destiny almost constantly ever since. They listened respectfully as Eamon de Valera, now almost blind, once again outlined his austere plans for Ireland's future. They

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Greatest proof of a tire's ability to take repeated torture



This General Tire with Nygen Cord, mounted on a standard 15-inch passenger car rim and wheel, was suspended between these two giant earth-moving machines with upraised blades. Simultaneously, the two powerful bulldozers lunged, rammed the blade into the tire, bending the rim

flanges in four places. They bucked off, the tire was rotated slightly, and the two machines charged again. This torture test continued until the rim was mangled as pictured above. At the conclusion of this repeated test of tire strength, the General Tire was still fully inflated and unharmed.

⚡ Pound for pound Nygen Cord is stronger than steel cables

⚡ The carcass strength is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than ordinary tires

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The General Tire with NYGEN Cord is at your General Tire Dealer's. See him...drive with complete safety.

COMPARISON CHART

(Note: 8-00x15 passenger car size was used for comparative purposes in engineering tests showing these results.)

	Length of Cord in Yards	Carcass Strength in Pounds	Bursting Pressure	Tire Weight
General Tire with Nygen Cord	5,835.9	4,620	360	31.90
Tire A	3,979.6	1,845	220	27.66
Tire B	3,846.8	1,961	215	28.81
Tire C	3,582.5	2,329	205	26.4
Tire D	3,920.9	2,312	219	25.22

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cheered him with the old campaign cry: "Up Dev!"

But when the time came to cast their votes last week, the discouraged citizens of Ireland dragged themselves to the polls without enthusiasm and in lackluster weariness turned Eamon de Valera out of office, quite possibly forever. When the returns were in, De Valera's *Fianna Fail* (Men of Destiny) Party had lost eight seats in the Parliament, the Independents who often supported them had lost one. Altogether the opposition parties, led by John Costello's *Fine Gael* (United Ireland), had gained enough votes to give the anti-Dev coalition a shaky majority.

A Pint of Beer. "Facts in Ireland," writes Authoress Honor Tracy, "are very peculiar things. They are rarely allowed to spoil the sweep and flow of conversation." In casting aside the grave, ascetic leader whom many of them had served

"harness the winds and the tides" in expensive power projects, the 1 s. 3 d. pint of beer was the whole story. Since De Valera was responsible for it, De Valera must go.

A Stern Duty. The points at issue, if any, between John Costello's *Fine Gael* and Dev's own party were largely sentimental ones dating back to the days of the Civil War, when Dev and the Men of Destiny held out for total independence while *Fine Gael* was willing to settle for mere home rule under Britain. In order to govern at all, Lawyer Costello (accent on the first syllable) will have to join a coalition with the Labor Party, which favors even more government spending than Dev.

Few Irishmen believed that such a shaky coalition could long endure, yet Dev's stern refusal to ease their lot by deficit spending or careless borrowing made them blind to any other risk. "We knew we would be unpopular for increasing taxation and removing [food] subsidies," said Dev, "but we either had to do our duty or not, and we did our duty."

FORMOSA

"We Have Confidence"

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, durable ally of the U.S., last week began his second six-year term as President of Nationalist China. For his inaugural address in Taipei he wore a ceremonial long gown; a crowd of 50,000 cheered him and broke police lines. His hearers included some 160 members of the Taipei diplomatic corps.

In the context of the news from Geneva, Chiang hardly needed to describe the colossus that had grown up on the Chinese mainland since the Nationalist flight to Formosa 4½ years ago. But the Gimo did remind the world that his own war with the Chinese Reds has never ended.* He called the existence and swelling power of Red China a "calamity of mankind."

How to deal with it? Chiang's solution is also Formosa's obsession: "Recovery of the mainland." For this, he pleaded for arms and moral support from the free world. "We have confidence in our ability to retake the mainland and in the victory of our counterattack."

THE MIDDLE EAST

A Pact for Pakistan

When the U.S. first proposed, last November, to strengthen Middle East defenses against Russia by providing arms aid for Pakistan, Pakistan's Bad Neighbor Nehru fanned up a white hot rage in India against American policy. But the U.S. persisted in negotiations with Karachi, and last week—in comparative quiet—signed a one-year military-aid agreement with Pakistan.

The pact obligates the U.S. to provide

* Nationalists and Communists have recently fought air and sea skirmishes around the Nationalist-held Tachen islands off the coast of Chekiang, which provide Chiang's forces with a base for harassment of Communist shipping.

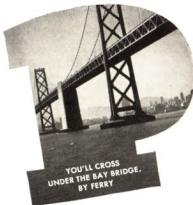
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EAMON DE VALERA
Out, for a pint of beer.

with respect approaching reverence for three decades, the Irish were characteristically unconcerned with facts. Many grim realities confront Ireland in her 33rd year of independence: an emigration rate that is bleeding her white of young blood at the rate of 20,000 a year, an agricultural economy that has still only one market (the U.K.), a soaring unemployment that reached 80,000 this year. Yet none of these facts seemed to be at issue in the general election that Dev himself had called to test his puny two-vote majority in the Parliament. Even the ancient *cause celtique*, partition, seemed temporarily forgotten.

In the final count, De Valera was defeated largely on the issue of the price of a pint of beer. "Surely," he said to one heckling voter in Limerick, "there is more in the world than the pint." But to many an Irishman, wearied by years of heavy taxation and high prices, unimpressed by the government's high-sounding plans to

arms and training assistance, obligates Karachi in turn to use the assistance for defense only, not for aggression. Explained Pakistan's Foreign Minister Zafarullah Khan, in answer to Russian, Egyptian and Indian objections: the agreement does "not involve a military alliance between the two governments nor . . . any obligation on the part of Pakistan to provide military bases for . . . the United States."

New Delhi charged that Pakistan had already promised the U.S. secret air bases (and, indeed, in event of war they could be easily arranged). But India was no longer so suspicious of Karachi's immediate aggressive intentions, because Pakistan was suddenly fully occupied at home with serious rioting and threats of secession (see below).

PAKISTAN

Butchery in Bengal

East Pakistan is separated from West Pakistan by the 1,000-mile width of India—and by a smoldering hatred. East Pakistan pays most of Pakistan's taxes, provides most of the sterling and dollar earnings, but gets the short end of revenues. Though 56% of Pakistan's population live in East Pakistan and four out of seven Pakistanis speak the Bengali tongue, until last fortnight the nation's official language was West Pakistan's Urdu.

Even in his own area, the East Pakistani feels like a second-class citizen, exploited by carpetbaggers from Karachi who hold most of the top government posts and most of the top police jobs. Last week the news seeped through tight censorship that East Pakistan's hatred had flared into appalling bloodshed.

How it began is unclear; why is plain. The owners of the world's newest, biggest jute mill at Narayanganj, East Pakistan, pampered their imported West Pakistan workers, gave them better jobs and a higher wage scale than the East Pakistan Bengalis. On payday, when the West Paks were lording it over the Bengalis, the atmosphere was tense. According to one version, a West Pakistani fireman reproved a Bengali teastall keeper for allowing the flames to burn too high in his oven. The Bengali took offense, and when a factory watchman intervened, another Bengali stabbed the watchman.

Next morning the West Paks hoisted black flags over their houses, in mourning, and staged an impassioned mass meeting. From the meeting they surged toward the Bengali labor barracks, armed with rifles and revolvers. The Bengalis took up swords, pickaxes and knives. All morning both sides sweated in the humid heat and butchered. One band of West Paks selected a block of Bengali quarters, set it afire, then systematically shot down the Bengalis as they fled.

By midday two Bengali villages were in ashes, the water in two hyacinth-covered ponds was red from the blood of floating bodies. When the troops arrived, they found some 400 dead, including 25 women and nine children, and guessed

that the total would rise to at least 600 and possibly to 1,000.

West Pakistan newspapers thundered for punitive martial law in the east. But East Pakistan's chief minister, 82-year-old Fazlul Huq, the wily "Lion of Bengal," stomped aboard a plane for Karachi, cloistered himself for hours with Premier Mohammed Ali, then stomped out, announcing that his people wanted no less than independence. Said he: "Of course, they [West Pakistan] will try to resist such a move. But when a man wants freedom, he wants it."

KOREA

Silver-Lined Disappointment

Eight million Koreans—88% of the eligible voters—went to the polls last week to choose a new National Assembly. Campaigning for the 203 seats were 1,216 candidates. Biggest single campaign



KOREA'S RHEE & VISITOR*
With a setback, a comeback.

issue: President Syngman Rhee's bitterly opposed constitutional reform bill, which is designed to trim the Assembly's power, broaden that of the President. To push through the bill Rhee needs a two-thirds Assembly majority, and he had pleaded with voters to give it to him.

While final returns gave Rhee's Liberal Party 116 seats and control of the Assembly, the President's pet constitutional reform program appeared to be permanently bogged down. Of 180 Liberal Party nominees who had received Rhee's personal backing, in exchange for their written pledges to vote for his constitutional amendments, only 99 were victorious.

The result was a real disappointment for Rhee, but had its silver lining: in the light of the heavy opposition vote, Rhee's critics would be hard put to claim that his dictatorial ruthlessness had silenced political opposition in Korea.

* U.S. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson.

TANGANYIKA

Invasion by Lion-Men

Tom Marealle, the tall, cheerful king of 300,000 Chagga tribesmen, was one of the first to recognize that Kenya's Mau Mau terrorists were spilling over the border into Tanganyika Territory. Last week one of Tom's ebony tribesmen had seen something moving among his coffee trees and, thinking it was a mere lion, he had charged it with his spear. Instead of a lion, a lion-man sprang out and pointed a pistol at the charging Chagga. The pistol misfired, and the Chagga's spear drove through a Mau Mau terrorist, whose hair was plastered with red clay into the shape of a lion's mane.

Chief Marealle, whose peaceful, prosperous tribe owns 12 million coffee trees on the southern slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro (19,500 ft.), picked up his telephone and flashed a warning to the British authorities. Then the chief drove off in his car to interview mountain villagers, who had frightened tales to tell of other lion-men, slinking through the forests in the direction of Arusha, a town that lies exactly halfway between Cape Town and Cairo.

Pursuit by Posse. To Tanganyika's able governor, Sir Edward Twining, 54, the news came as no surprise. Last fall, when Mau Mau "missionaries" began administering their bloodcurdling oaths to the Kikuyu tribesmen who live on the border of Kenya and Tanganyika, Twining's police rounded up 6,500 suspects and packed them off to detention camps. The Mau Mau vowed revenge, and last week's invasion was their way of getting it.

The lion-men got more than they bargained for. Tanganyika's Africans (who own all but 1% of the land in the territory) oppose the Mau Mau. King Marealle's warning roused the coffee farmers, black and white alike; they quickly formed a posse, which was soon reinforced by a contingent of Masai nomads who came up from their grazing grounds among the salt lakes and craters of the Great Rift Valley. Posse and terrorists met head-on near Arusha.

The Chagga did most of the fighting, and the Mau Mau ran away, leaving rifles, pistols and five prisoners behind. After they went the Masai. They caught one terrorist on a bus bound for Kenya; he had cut off his lion mane, but the tell-tale scars of Mau Mau oath-taking could plainly be seen on his arms.

"Pretty Mean Savages." At week's end Governor Twining flew to Arusha, proclaimed martial law in three frontier forest reserves. "We are dealing with desperate armed gangsters," the governor said. Tanganyika's whites agreed, but unlike their blimpish neighbors in Kenya Colony, some of them understood that the Africans themselves (notably, the prosperous Chagga) are equally interested in keeping the terrorists out. "The Mau Mau made a big mistake in sending this invasion force," said one white official, and a Chagga farmer agreed. "They looked like savages to me," he said.

SURRENDER AT BARRIO SANTA MARIA

How the Philippine's Top Communist Turned Himself In

Last week a resolute President of the Philippines, a powerful army and a 21-year-old Manila Times reporter named Benigno Aquino brought about the surrender of Philippine Communist Leader Luis Taruc (TIME, May 24). This is Reporter Aquino's story.

ONE day last January, I went to the Manila fish market and a friend introduced me to an old man who was carrying a basket of stinking fish. The old man was Arsenio Taruc, a blood relation of Luis Taruc, the elusive Huk (Communist) terrorist. Since his kinsman's outlawry, he had lost his social position and was working as a part-time stevedore. Reports were circulating that Taruc the Guerrilla was dead or had left the Philippines on a Soviet submarine, but when I told Arsenio that I would like to interview his notorious cousin, he said he would help. Arsenio knew that the Philippine army was getting the upper hand in its war against the Huks, and he wanted to warn Luis before it was too late.

Arsenio introduced me to Taruc's other relatives: Romeo, 17, his only son, who had spent four years in the hills with his father; Meliton, 52, Taruc's half brother. These kinsmen formed the nucleus of a crude little intelligence unit whose job was to seek out Taruc and arrange for me to see him.

The President Does Not Budge

I had never set eyes on this hated guerrilla chief who, since 1946, had waged civil war against the Philippine Republic. All I knew of him was that he and his followers had been accused of killing hundreds of innocent civilians, murdering the widow of the late Philippine President Manuel Quezon, burning bedridden patients in an army hospital. But barely three weeks after we went to work, Arsenio brought me the news: Taruc was willing to see me.

I met him in moonlight on the bank of a dried river bed in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Central Luzon. He was soft-spoken, clear-eyed and warm in manner; he impressed me as a nationalist first and a Communist second. Taruc said: "The people have spoken and overwhelmingly elected President Magsaysay. It is for us to accept their verdict . . ." He said he was ready to "negotiate a peace settlement." Then, with his followers, he melted into the jungle.

Back in Manila I informed President Magsaysay of the possibility of bringing Taruc back alive. The President referred me to the stern peace terms he had just offered the Huks:

- Surrender by stages of all the Huk forces and their arms.
- Maintenance of government sovereignty over all parts of the country.
- Trial for all rebels charged with crimes, with permission to plead for clemency if convicted.
- Resettlement of pardoned guerrillas on government land.

The President would not budge from these terms. Nor did he need to. The Philippine army, reinvigorated since Magsaysay took over, was scoring fresh victories. The dry season was setting in, allowing the troops to penetrate to the deepest Huk lairs, particularly the Candaba swamp which was Taruc's favorite refuge. A turning point had been reached: there were solid indications that the anti-rebel drive was sapping the morale as well as the armed strength of the hard-pressed enemy.

Cease Fire Rejected

Taruc evidently was being squeezed by the mounting pressure. Through a courier he sent me a note asking for a meeting with Magsaysay himself, "whenever and wherever" the President desired. Magsaysay refused. "I will not give him the importance of meeting me," he said. As far as the Presi-

dent was concerned, Taruc was a common criminal, wanted for murder and sedition. He could either accept the government's terms or suffer the consequences at the hands of the Philippine army.

I now assumed the role of a presidential emissary. With Taruc's son Romeo, I met Taruc a second time. He was greatly disappointed at the President's refusal to meet him, but he was careful not to reject our terms outright. Instead, he made a counterproposal: a "cease-fire," with all military operations frozen while he consulted his Huk advisers. I told Taruc that President Magsaysay would never agree to a "cease-fire," which would simply take pressure off the guerrillas. Negotiations bogged down.

Magsaysay's retort was to order the army to launch a powerful new operation to "get Taruc." Ten thousand men kept it up for 90 days. The troops started using dogs and a squadron of cavalry to track down the Huks. And the President's program of rural roads, artesian wells and other assistances to the poor farmers began taking effect. The peasants were beginning to collaborate with government instead of with the rebels. They began selling information for a few pesos.

Taruc's Final Plea

On May 11, when the offensive was at its height, I got word that Luis Taruc wanted to see me again. I traveled in secrecy, since I did not want to break faith with the guerrilla by leading the soldiers to him. I waited, as arranged, in the church at Minalin, but Taruc did not show. Eventually, I got a note, again Taruc's "conditions" had dwindled.

All Taruc was asking this time was Magsaysay's promise that the word "surrender" would not be used in official documents. This time Magsaysay agreed, though only on the understanding that Taruc would accept all other peace terms—unconditionally. As prearranged with Taruc, I broadcast this message on May 13, dropping the news about the word "surrender" into a casual interview on the *Let's Make Merry* program on Station DZRH. Taruc accepted the inevitable.

The President's Terms Accepted

At 2 a.m. on May 17, President Magsaysay gave me the word: Bring Taruc down. For the first time, I had army clearance. Taruc set the rendezvous at Barrio Santa Maria, in the wilds of Pampanga Province, and the army agreed to suspend operations there between 7 and 9 a.m.*

I reached the barrio at 6:35 a.m. If I failed to return by 9 a.m., the troops would blow the place to smithereens. Taruc was waiting at the foot of Mt. Arayat, an extinct volcano. His lean figure was surrounded by the people of the barrio; like them, he wore a grey peasant shirt, brown pants and a wide-brimmed straw hat. The only question I asked was: "Do you accept the President's terms?" Taruc said: "I accept." He shook my hands warmly and said farewell to the barrio folk, many of them weeping. Minutes later we were speeding toward Manila, escorted by army jeeps.

This week the Philippines government formally charged Taruc with 24 counts of murder, sedition and rebellion. He will stand trial next month, and, if convicted, could be sentenced to death. The chances are, however, that President Magsaysay will grant clemency to Luis Taruc in the hope of encouraging his followers to follow his example and give up.

* First reports had it that an army lieutenant stopped the advancing troops just as they were about to capture Taruc, without the aid of Aquino. Actually, it was the barrio lieutenant, a local peace officer, who intervened; the army had nothing to do with it, and clearly understood its arrangement with Reporter Aquino.

THE HEMISPHERE

GUATEMALA

Red Gunrunning

In the troubled, filibuster-studded history of Central America, many a rusty rifle and Gatling gun has been ferried ashore through a moonlit surf from a ghostly schooner with no greater consequences than to give a dictator a mild scare or O. Henry an idea for a light-hearted story. Last week guns were again going ashore—but in a different, deadlier contest. Two thousand tons of arms and ammunition, more than all Central America has received in the last 30 years, were pouring out of the holds of a Swedish ship into Communist-infiltrated Guatemala. They were Communist weapons, almost certainly from Czechoslovakia's famed Skoda works. More were thought to be on the way, in two more freighters.

Furtive Voyage. Listed on the manifest as "steel rods, optical glass and laboratory supplies," the arms, in 15,000 cases, were loaded on the freighter *Alfhem* in the Baltic port of Stettin, now a part of Poland. Once through the Skagerrak and out of the foggy Baltic, the vessel acted like a ship carrying hot cargo. First she laid a course south for Dakar, French West Africa, but radioed orders changed the destination to Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies. Nearing Curaçao, the *Alfhem* was again diverted, this time to Puerto Cortés, Honduras. Finally the ship's master learned his true destination: Puerto Barrios, Guatemala.

Guatemala's Defense Minister José Angel Sánchez was down from Guatemala City to superintend the unloading, and the dock was cleared of idlers. Day after day, on cars of the U.S.-owned International Railways of Central America, the crates rolled up to the capital, 197 miles away. Armed guards rode each car. One night a stick of dynamite exploded without serious damage under an arms train, presumably set by anti-Communist Guatemalan exiles who had come over the Honduras border, 15 miles away. Tracing the fuse, soldiers wound up in a gunfight. One sergeant and one saboteur were killed.

Just what the cars carried was the secret of President Jacobo Arbenz, his fellow colonels, and the Red gun merchants. But the weapons were thought to be mostly rifles, automatic arms, mortars and light artillery, all of them with overwhelming quantities of ammunition.

Up & Coming Protégé. Guatemala's Foreign Minister Guillermo Toriello had ready reasons for buying Communist arms. Since 1949 the U.S. has refused to send any military equipment there—even, Toriello complained, "pistols for the police [or] small-caliber ammunition for the use of a hunting and fishing club." (The State Department explained that it had refused because of the "obvious uncertainty as to the purposes for which those arms might be used.") Through depletion, Guatemala's 6,000-man army

had become worse supplied than the armies of Honduras, El Salvador and Nicaragua. Now it is the best armed.

More subtle than Guatemala's reasons for buying were the Kremlin's motives in permitting the sale, reportedly for \$10 million. The deal amounted to the Red bloc's first public display of big-brotherly trust and confidence in Guatemala. By thus flaunting Guatemala as an up & coming protégé, Moscow deliberately challenged Secretary of State John Foster



Raul Gonzalez

PRESIDENT ARBENZ

From big brother, a deadly cargo.

Dulles' resolution, passed by the American nations in Caracas last March, against the domination of "any American state by the international Communist movement." The U.S. must now act or expect even tougher tactics. This week, as a starter, the U.S. began airlifting arms to Nicaragua and Honduras, to restore the balance of power.

CHILE

The Capture of an Ear

For 24 hours last week, Chile's economy lay in a coma: mines, factories and banks were idle, steel shutters covered shop windows. Some 500,000 workers were out on a one-day general strike.

The C.U.T., Chile's biggest labor federation, staged the strike as a protest against the arrest of its president, Clotario Blest, who had made a rabblerous speech denouncing President Carlos Ibáñez and his Cabinet as "traitors to the fatherland." Blest was released on bail a fortnight ago, but the strike was called anyway. It was an ugly symptom of the nation's sickness.

Squeezed by chronic inflation, Chile's workers have become strike addicts, and

their burning discontent has benefited the Communists. Though the party is outlawed and the Ibáñez government is anti-Communist, the Reds have burrowed deep into the labor movement. Their biggest coup was the capture of Clotario Blest.

White-haired Bachelor Blest, longtime head of the National Association of Government Employees, is a strange bed-fellow for Communists. He is a Roman Catholic whose favorite reading is the Thomist philosophers. In 1952 the Communists invited Blest to Moscow along with other labor leaders. The fact that Holy Week services were allowed in some Moscow churches made a vivid impression on him. Since then, the Reds have had Blest's ear, and when he was elected president of C.U.T. last year, it became an ear well worth having.

BRAZIL

Terms of Trade

Under the stiff terms of last year's \$300 million U.S. Export-Import Bank loan, Brazil was required to pay off the entire sum in two years, starting this fall. After studying his figures on foreign-exchange availabilities, Bank of Brazil President Marcos de Souza Dantas decided that there was a question Washington must be asked: Did the Export-Import Bank want Brazil to cut its purchases from the U.S. by one-third, or would it rather maintain the flow of business by lengthening the period in which the loan could be repaid?

Taking his question to Washington last week, Souza Dantas made his country's trade position clear: the U.S. share of the Brazilian market has already declined from 52% to 28% in five years, and if his country has to set aside \$14 million monthly to repay the loan, there will be even less left to spend for U.S. exports. While Souza Dantas journeyed on to Manhattan to discuss the same problem with U.S. bankers and exporters, U.S. Ambassador James Kemper telephoned Washington from his post in Rio. Asked whether he talked to President Eisenhower, he said: "No, but don't ask me the next question." Reporters guessed he had put in a word for the Brazilians with his good friend Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, who was mainly responsible for fixing the terms for the 1953 bail-out loan.

If so, Kemper's call was as effective as Souza Dantas' timely report on U.S. export prospects in Brazil. At week's end the Export-Import Bank announced that to "serve the mutual interests of trade and of the economies of the two countries," terms of the credit would be relaxed to permit Brazil to pay its debt over 7½ years. For his part, Souza Dantas said that half of Brazil's dollar earnings in excess of \$1 billion (last year's total earnings: \$765 million) would also be applied to reducing the debt.

CANADA

1,000,000 Immigrants

Canada last week admitted its 1,000,000th immigrant since World War II. No other country except the U.S. has received as many new settlers in the past seven years.

Before World War II Canadian immigration had almost completely dried up; many Canadians doubted that their economy could ever handle more than the natural population increase. But when 1,000,000 ex-servicemen were reabsorbed without any dislocation at war's end, the government decided to experiment with a freer immigration policy.

Canadian immigration teams roamed the free countries of Europe lining up desirable candidates. Transportation loans were given to those who needed them. Of the first million, about 30% came from Britain, Germany, The Netherlands and Italy each sent about 100,000 more. Others were refugees from Communism.

The heavy immigration flow has paid off handsomely. In their wallets or in transferred bank accounts, the newcomers brought \$415 million into the country. One of every three newly arrived families bought a car. Besides creating trade, many of the immigrants launched businesses and opened up new jobs. Early fears that immigration would glut the labor market proved groundless.

The immigrants themselves are happy. Last year fewer than 600 had to be shipped back home. Among those who stayed there is a common experience of success, and each national group provides its own striking examples of how its members have prospered. A Czech family has built a lumber business employing 4,000. Two Britons opened a garage in Ottawa and are grossing more than \$100,000 a year. The Dutch are especially proud of one family that emigrated to a Manitoba farm in 1948. Two years later, they had saved enough to buy and move into the former home of Manitoba's lieutenant governor.

ARGENTINA

Buyers' Market

In the years of scarcity after World War II, Argentina drove hard bargains in selling its meat to the hungry British. But now the tables are turned. Sterling is stronger; trade is freer and more vigorous. And Britain, which once depended on Argentina for 80% of its imported meat, now takes a mere 10% of its needs from the Republic of Beef.

Last week, Argentina's two top economic diplomats arrived in London to discuss a new trade treaty. Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler told them frankly that Britain has junked the old bilateralism for liberal trading policies. Britain, he said, may be willing to buy more Argentine beef now, especially since meat rationing will end in July, but that will depend on whether private British traders, who have supplanted the old state bulk buyers, think the Argentine price is right.

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This means—in your glass—that Old Jim Gore has brilliance of color and a rare "bouquet." And when you *taste* it, notice the hearty richness and character. Ask for Old Jim Gore today.

OLD JIM GORE

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At a shipyard in Sturgeon Bay, Wis., **Mrs. Jean McCarthy**, wife of Wisconsin's junior Senator, swung heftily with both arms, smashed a bottle of champagne across the bow of a new Navy vessel, the 385-ft. LST 1170. **Joe McCarthy**, as silent as he has been at any event in years, glowed and said: "It's Jean's day."

The heavy-lidded vamp of the silent screen, Polish-born Cinematress **Pola** (*Mad Love*) **Negri**, 56, suddenly popped out of retirement in Hollywood to disclose all sorts of irons in the fire. Pola, who used to outhawk her own pressagents with whoopers about her past (e.g., she once claimed that she had been divorced from a Pope of Rome), now made big talk about her future. Items: a movie comeback this fall as a fallen woman in a German production, an autobiography in the works which "will cover my life and loves from **Chaplin** to **Valentino**—and those who came before and after." At week's end Pola, looking pert and still glamorous, was photographed after she landed in New York for a two-week visit with anonymous old friends.

Sage **Bertrand Russell** celebrated his 82nd birthday by bringing out his second volume of short stories, *Nightmares of Eminent Persons*. Among the bad dreams that Russell dreamed up were nocturnal horrors suffered by **Dwight Eisenhower**, **Joseph Stalin** and former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson**.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, who left the University of Chicago to underpin the Ford Foundation, made an appearance at

a credit-men's convention in San Francisco and unburdened himself of some random thoughts on the lurking perils of 100% Americanism: "To hear these people [*i.e.*, super-patriots] talk, you would think that the American way consisted of unanimous tribal self-admiration . . . There is a present danger that critics of even the mildest sort will be frightened into silence . . . I sometimes think we are approaching the point where it will be impossible for one person to be seen with another person until he first gets the other person cleared with the FBI."

U.S.-born **Romaine Pierce Simpson**, 30, better known as the **Marchioness of Milford Haven**, stalked grimly out to a



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
A mystery unraveled.

plane at New York's International Airport for a "mystery flight" to Mexico. Both the mystery and Romaine's marriage were soon unraveled. Two days later she was back home with a jigtime Juárez divorce from the blueblooded marquess, **David Michael Mountbatten**, 35, who is closely related to both **Queen Elizabeth II** and the **Duke of Edinburgh**. It was not, however, the marquess' royal family ties which troubled Romaine; she had charged earlier that he was even more closely related (through connecting hotel suites) to eye-filling Hungarian Cinematress **Eva** (*A Tale of Five Women*) **Bartok**.

Frau **Lucie Maria Rommel**, whose late swashbuckling husband, Germany's **Field Marshal Erwin** ("Desert Fox") **Rommel**, tried mightily to invade Egypt in 1942, invaded Egypt without firing a shot. In Cairo to help ballyhoo the world premiere



United Press
MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS
A stand enriched.

of a new German movie *That Was Our Rommel*, Frau **Lucie** sat beside Egypt's President **Mohammed Naguib** at the showing, was also greeted cordially by Premier **Gamal Nasser**. Later she placed wreaths on war memorials to both Allied and Axis soldiers at El Alamein, where Rommel lost the crucial battle of the North African campaign.

The Netherlands' speed-loving **Prince Bernhard** hurtled along a Dutch road in his royal Lincoln. Bernhard's chauffeur sat at his side, idly watching the kilometers flit past. While trying to pass a road-hogging truck, the prince zigged when he should have zagged, wound up with the car doing a neat half roll-over, followed by a ground-chewing landing on its side. The unperturbed chauffeur ceremoniously opened the door for unhurt Bernhard, who climbed out, hitchhiked to a gas station, phoned the royal garage for a fresh car.

Perennially best-dressed **Mrs. Mona Williams**, 57, widow of Utilitycon **Harrison Williams** and chief heir to his reported \$100 million, opened a flower and fruit stand on the grounds of her 60-acre Long Island estate. Planning to peddle the products of her own gardens and orchards, she saw no good reason why the rich should not grow richer. Said she: "It's not just for fun. I hope the shop will pay for itself. You don't go into business unless you plan to make money."

From Kentucky, word trickled out that Private **G.** (for Gerard) **David Schine**, whose failure to become an Army officer has stirred some talk lately, has been a full-fledged colonel all along. His spot commission (in Kentucky only) came a year ago as a result of a request from his friend Colonel **Anna Friedman**, whose own lofty office is Keeper of the Great Seal of Kentucky Colonels.



United Press
POLA NEGRI
A future unfolded.



Who helps aluminum carry the load?

Read about the part banking has played in the miraculous progress of aluminum.

It took 4 types of men approximately 125 years to make it possible for the 6-year-old above to hold four sturdy chairs aloft without half trying.

In order they are—research scientists, capital investors, practical businessmen... commercial bankers. Here's *what* they did... *how* they reduced the price of a 1-lb. aluminum pig from \$545 to about 20¢!

Aluminum to Gold

In 1886 when Charles Martin Hall, then a student at Oberlin College, first found out how to obtain metallic aluminum by electrolysis, only a handful of Americans were willing to risk their money on the lightest metal

anyone had ever seen.

But they were enough. By the time the '90's got gay, aluminum looked like it might be big business. That's when the original backers—no longer able to finance aluminum by themselves—called in the nation's bankers.

Then and Now

Today (as in the '90's) bank loans help mine bauxite, transport it to processing plants, and convert it to basic aluminum. On the consumer level, bank loans help established companies manufacture or supply aluminum for everything from candy wrappers to canning kettles.

When Money Works

As you can see, banks have had a lot to do with 20¢ aluminum. You have, too. Your money... the money

invested or deposited in banks by all the people... is the foundation of every bank loan. When a man comes up with a good product that you and millions of others want to buy, *your* banker puts *your* money to work in that business. What happens then can best be defined as capitalism in action.

Money goes to work... men and women go to work... goods and services are created... and the entire nation enjoys an unprecedented standard of living.

The Chase National Bank, first in loans to American industry, is proud of banking's contribution to the progress of our country.

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MUSIC

Opera in Prose

Generations of U.S. operagoers have wondered vaguely just what the words meant that the singers were singing. Perhaps they were well off not knowing. In too many English translations attempted by U.S. opera troupes in recent years, the English words (if they could be heard at all) only revealed the silliness of the librettos. This week RCA Victor is releasing a series of records entitled *Arias Sung and Acted* which present the dramatic contents of selected arias together with the original words: first, well-known actors act out the scenes in English, then the music starts up and big-name artists sing them in the original language.

Inevitably, the acted scenes contain some purple-prose trills. The crusty voice of Judith Anderson as Carmen gasps: "I cannot live a lie . . . Free I was born and free I want to die." Joseph Cotten as Canio in *Pagliacci* moans: "To have to act, when my brain whirls in an agony of madness! . . . Change into grins your sobs and suffering, change into a leer your sighs and your tears." Dennis King as Rigoletto shouts: "Unarmed though I be, I'll kill you, I warn you!" But the familiar music (in familiar performances by Risé Stevens, Jussi Björling, Leonard Warren) restores the order of things. Most acceptable acting job is done by Deborah Kerr, who renders the ingenious roles of Mimi in *La Bohème* and Cio-Cio-San in *Madame Butterfly* with winning simplicity before Soprano Licia Albanese takes over.

The new series is the latest foray in a campaign by Victor's Artists and Repertory Director George R. (for Richard) Marek. His plan: to win new audiences for records by making music "painless." Among his other recent projects: a series of almost featureless "mood music" (TIME, Feb. 22), e.g., "Music to Read

By." "Music to Help You Sleep," and a 2 min. 52 sec. orchestral condensation of Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata for the disk-jockey trade. Such popularizations, some serious musicians feel, kill not only the pain but the music.

But Vienna-born Director Marek (a lifelong opera lover and author of a Puccini biography) has an answer. He thinks Americans are frightened by serious music, and he wants to "unscare" them. His reasoning: if he turns enough honest dollars on things like *Classical Music for People Who Hate Classical Music* and *Opera Without Singing*, he can afford to risk a few on more esoteric items. His own pet recording project: the huge (oversize symphony, chorus, soloists, four brass choirs) and presumably profitless *Requiem* by Berlioz. This way, he believes, everybody wins.

That Happy Feeling

In a musical Manhattan cellar called Basin Street one night last week, a thin-haired bandleader used an unorthodox method to get his crew going on a fast number. Dropping into a distance-runner's stance, he stamped out four beats and shouted a hoarse, rapid-fire "Bow! Bow!" On the next beat the 15-man outfit exploded into a shrieking blast that turned out to be a wild-eyed, half-humorous version of *Lover, Come Back to Me*. To start quieter numbers, such as *Pres. Conference*, the bandleader preferred to count out the beat or snap his fingers, and the band followed through with a brooding performance that played off a glassy-toned trumpet against the lush grumbings of a baritone sax, while the rhythm section boomed and sizzled in the background, and here & there the brasses split the air with steely stabs.

Forty-one-year-old Woodrow Wilson ("Woody") Herman was back in town—and back on top of the musical heap—



Roy Stevens

BANDLEADER HERMAN
Bow-bowing with a top herd.

with his Third Herd, the most versatile band he has ever led.

"The most exciting thing in jazz is when a big band can make it," he says, trying to explain the obsession that returned him so often to the precarious profession. His first to make jazz was called "The Band that Plays the Blues," which blew its way around a swing-crazy countryside from 1936 until it was broken up by the draft. In 1944 he organized the Herman Herd, the band whose plectrider precision so bemused Composer Igor Stravinsky that he wrote his *Ebony Concerto* for it. The outfit made Herman the top bandleader in the land. He disbanded it because it left him too little time for wife and daughter—"I just hadda go home, that's all"—but his daemon kept driving him, and a year later he had another standout herd. It was a disastrous venture because it was dedicated to the dying bop style and cost him a cool \$175,000 before he could break it up. Three years ago, unhappy fronting small combos with his clarinet and sax, Woody Herman was rounding up his Third Herd, by last week had groomed it to top form.

"This band swings more than anything since the bop era began," he says without false modesty. It took hard work to get it that way, and Woody has trouble putting his finger on just what made the difference between the good band it was and the exciting one it became. "It's like one day you get up and it's not the greatest, and the next day you can whip the world. We're getting the spirit again, and it's good . . . Jazz has made a lot of zigs in its day. If the world is upset, our music is upset . . . Jazz is a happy feeling . . . These kids in the band want to prove something. There's a whole generation that doesn't even know what a big jazz band is."

Bandleader Herman is ready to show that generation what it has been missing.



KERR & ALBANESE WITH RCA VICTOR'S MAREK
Unscaring people with purple trills.

Leo Friedman



Radar installation on Mt. Parnassus.

“The RCA man was here,” said Apollo

Electronics has come to Mt. Parnassus. Capping the heights of this legendary retreat of Greek Gods, Muses and Nymphs, is *radar*—installed under the supervision of RCA field engineers.

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Headline of the Week

In the first edition of the New York Daily Mirror:

CONSISTORY OKAYS 6 AS SAINTS

In the more recent second edition:

PIUS X, 5 OTHERS ARE SAINTED

Dear Uncle

As the play *The Front Page* would have it, nothing can stop a good Hearstling from getting his story. Last week ex-Hearstling Quentin Reynolds, who is suing Hearst Columnist Westbrook Pegler for \$500,000 for calling him an "absentee war correspondent" (TIME, May 24), told how he stayed true to *The Front Page* tradition as a Collier's war correspondent.

In Paris in 1940, Correspondent Reynolds handed a French government official a cable, which said: "Dear Uncle Franklin: I am having difficulty getting accredited to the French army. Time is important. Would you phone or cable Premier Reynaud and ask him to hurry things up. It was grand of you to phone me last night. Please give my love to Aunt Eleanor. Quent." As Reynolds had hoped, the French official promptly accredited him. But to Reynolds' embarrassment the official also volunteered to dispatch the cable to President Roosevelt, whom Reynolds had never even met. Explained Reynolds in a Manhattan court last week: "I didn't think he would be fool enough to believe it. I hoped he would, though... I exercised [the] journalistic enterprise that I had learned [working for Hearst's] International News Service."

Shakedown in St. Louis

In the city room of the crusading St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (circ. 391,890), nothing stirs up a storm faster than a half-told story. Three years ago Veteran City Editor Sam Armstrong got just such an incomplete story from the wire services. The Air Force, said the story, had received no acceptable bids on an \$11 million construction job for nearby Scott Air Force Base, although similar work was going ahead on air bases all over the U.S. The story did not explain why no builder could do the job in the St. Louis area, so Armstrong assigned *P-D* Reporter Carl Baldwin, 45, to find out. Baldwin, a *P-D* staffer for 23 years, quickly found the reason: "St. Louis [had] become the capital of labor rackets in the construction industry."

Baldwin's spadework in exposing the rackets resulted in more than 100 stories and brought on FBI, congressional and grand-jury investigations. Last week two federal grand juries handed down a fresh batch of eight criminal indictments—bringing to 38 the number of men indicted since Reporter Baldwin began his investigation.

The Fixers. Starting with the incomplete wire service report on Scott Field, Baldwin discovered that several of the

contractors had the same reason for refusing to build in the St. Louis area: "We just can't afford the payoff." The payoff was to corrupt A.F.L. building-trades union bosses and business agents. The racketeers, often in league with local subcontractors, concentrated on jobs where there was a fixed completion date, held them up with featherbedding, slowdowns and jurisdictional disputes until the completion deadline got close. Then they made themselves "available" to "fix things up" for the builder—at a price. Frightened contractors told Baldwin that those who refused to go along with the racket were often sluggish or run out of town. Many who stayed and fought said that they had gone broke doing it.

When Baldwin's first *P-D* exposé broke, contractors and honest union members



St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*
REPORTER BALDWIN
He finished the story.

flocked to him with more stories of how the rackets worked. He got one tip that an emissary for Lawrence Callanan, an ex-convict who ran the powerful A.F.L. Steamfitters' local, tried to collect \$50,000 from a contractor building a \$5,000,000 pipeline. In another story Baldwin told how A.F.L. Hod Carriers' Boss Paul H. Hulahan was involved in a similar shakedown. He also dug up evidence that union "expense" money was often unaccounted for by union leaders. The zealous *P-D* kept firing away in Page One stories, backed up Reporter Baldwin with biting editorials and cartoons. Baldwin's notes and *P-D* stories were turned over to House and Senate labor committees, the FBI and the Justice Department.

The Gangsters. Finally, a grand jury launched an investigation which resulted in indictments of 15 A.F.L. leaders for racketeering. When the Justice Department's interest in continuing the investi-

gation seemed to be waning, the *P-D* prodded the case to life again. A second grand jury went into action, confirmed more of the *P-D's* exposé. Early this year four union racketeers were convicted, and sentenced to from ten to twelve years in prison. Altogether, 34 others have been indicted for everything from fraud and racketeering by extortion to perjury.

Said Operating Director James W. Connor of the St. Louis Crime Commission: "All the indictments, convictions and the investigations, which have spread to other cities, stem right back to Baldwin's . . . investigation. He has done one of the great reporting jobs of our time."

A.G. Loves P.W.

In the sensational trial of Oleomargarine Heir Minot F. ("Mickey") Jelke III, convicted last year of being pimp for glamorous New York prostitutes, Manhattan General Sessions Judge Francis L.



JUDGE VALENTE
He flunked both tests.

Valente barred newsmen from the courtroom. Judge Valente imposed his press ban after ruling that "extensive press coverage to a case of this kind is catering to vulgar sensationalism" (TIME, Feb. 16, 1953). Manhattan dailies promptly handed Valente a failing mark in journalism by giving much more elaborate, tabloid-style coverage to the "mystery" trial than they might have given had the trial been open. Last week the Appellate Division of New York's Supreme Court flunked Valente in law as well.

In a 3-2 decision, the court ordered a new trial for Jelke, sentenced to three to six years in prison and now out on \$50,000 bail. Reason: Valente's ban had prevented him from getting a fair public trial the first time. Said the court's sharply worded rebuke: "We conceive it to be no part of the work of the judiciary . . . to decide what a newspaper prints or to what portion of the people it caters to sell its pa-

pers. A judge may have his personal opinion as to the good taste of what may appear in public print, but . . . he has no right . . . to restrain or dictate what portion of court proceedings shall be made available for reading by the public."

Hearst's *Journal-American* read the decision to mean that it could now publish all the secret court transcript, promptly serialized on Page One the testimony of Call Girl Pat Ward. (The *J-A* thoughtfully substituted "A.G." "R.M." and other initials for her customers' full names in the interests of "fairness.") But while other Manhattan papers had access to the juicy testimony, they printed not a word of it. They decided it was old stuff because the case had been so thoroughly covered when it was still "secret."

The Lone Voice

Among the 1,400-odd newspapers and magazines of Spain, only one is free of ironhanded censorship by the Franco government. The exception is *Ecclesia* (circ. 17,000), official weekly organ of the Spanish Catholic Action group. *Ecclesia* owes its freedom to its powerful chairman, Enrico Cardinal Pla y Deniel, Archbishop of Toledo and Cardinal Primate of Spain, who is able to stand up for his rights as no Spanish journalist can. Last week *Ecclesia* Editor Jesus Iribarren, 42, a Basque priest who is the cardinal's journalistic right hand, used the weekly's unique freedom to denounce Franco's censorship, on behalf of the silenced Spanish press.

In an editorial, Editor Iribarren reported on a recent trip he made to France to attend the International Convention of the Catholic Press. Members of the Spanish delegation, he wrote, were the only newsmen on hand, of 30 nations represented, who came from a country with no press freedom. Wrote Editor Iribarren: "Newspapermen from other countries have a spirit of initiative and personal decision, compared to [our country], where the press is directed. [We can] write only what is ordered. . . . In Spain public opinion is disregarded, and anybody who wants to read the news has to look anywhere except in newspapers."

Spain's rigid press censorship dates from the civil war, when Franco published a "provisional law" giving the state the right to appoint and dismiss editors. By daily directives to editors, the government also dictates what to print and what not to print. As a result Spanish newspapers have fallen into such low esteem that the combined circulation of all seven of Madrid's dailies does not even equal the circulation of one daily before the "provisional law" went into effect 16 years ago. The government does not limit itself to controlling its own press; foreign correspondents have been harassed, and foreign newspapers and magazines (including TIME) have frequently been banned.

In such an atmosphere it was small wonder last week that *Ecclesia's* free-swinging editorial was read over and over again and passed by word of mouth. Or that not one line about it appeared in any other Spanish paper.

AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O. SOGLOW



DUST PAINTS SNOW FOUR COLORS! White snow was at a premium last March! In a two-day period, pink snow fell in Iowa, blue snow in South Dakota, brown snow in Kansas and red snow in, of all places, Greenland! Meteorologists believe dust particles from volcanoes and deserts caused the multi-colored snowfall.



NO ADMITTANCE! Flame, sparks and dirt can't get past a tank vent that has an Air-Maze flame arrester. For use on tanks where inflammable liquids are stored, Air-Maze approved flame arresters give dependable protection.



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SCIENCE

Portrait of an Ace

What makes a good jet-fighter pilot? During the Korean war, U.S. Air Force commanders kept wondering why some jet pilots, with the same educational backgrounds and physical qualifications as others, were so outstandingly successful. The brass had good cause to wonder: of the 823 MIG-15s shot down by the Fifth Air Force, well over a third were bagged by an elite handful of 38 jet aces, representing only 5% of all the Air Force fighter pilots who saw combat.

Last week, after a six-month study of 31 jet aces and 62 of their less successful contemporaries, the Air Force's Psychologist E. Paul Torrance shed some light on the top MIG killers. The jet ace's outstanding characteristics: aggressiveness, self-confidence, an almost fanatic devotion to flying. The typical ace was born into a large family, had to cooperate and vie for parental attention with his brothers & sisters, was seldom coddled. As a youngster he played hookey from school or drove cars just to see if it could be done, strove to win at such rough contact sports as football and boxing. Says Torrance: "The jet ace, when a boy, was all boy. He had no time for girls. When he got to a certain age, and felt like going out with girls, he was all man. These guys . . . have a singleness of purpose."

Why did the aggressive youngsters get into flying instead of business or the professions? One typical answer: "Ever since I was a boy, I wanted to be a fighter pilot. It's more than a job; it's a sport." Having won his wings, the ace strove to test his plane and himself, flying faster and higher than was ordered, often bewildering fellow pilots by his single-minded zeal. He repeatedly badgered his superiors to send

him to Korea. Once there, he looked for extra tours of duty, unlike his comrades had little fear of being killed in combat. A mission was a personal challenge. Functioning best when allowed some leeway from standard procedure, the ace often spotted MIGs long before his squadron-mates, was always willing to take risks for a shot at the opponent.

Asked what he would do if his wife told him to stop flying, one ace promptly replied: "I would tell her to go to hell." Dedicated as they are, the aces are solid family men, many have large families, spend their leisure time playing golf and fishing. Psychologist Torrance sums up: "I have nothing but great admiration for them . . . The jet ace is a man who goes out into life and meets it head on."

Diving Diggers

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome have been pretty well picked over on dry land. But under the surface of the Mediterranean, says Archeologist Philippe Diolé, lie untold sunken deposits of classical history and art. In a new book, *4,000 Years Under the Sea* (Messner; \$4.50), Diolé tells how diving archeologists are just beginning to exploit the submarine digging grounds.

The Romans were reluctant seamen; whenever they could, they traveled by land over their famed roads. Their empire, nevertheless, was held together by sea-borne commercial and naval power. Their predecessors—the Greeks, Phoenicians and Cretans—went down to the sea by preference. For thousands of years their galleys and potbellied cargo ships plied the Mediterranean, generally sticking close to the shore, where they often sank in shallow water. The wrecks lie there still,

while bright fish swim around their leaden anchors and mollusks drill holes in marble columns packed into their holds.

Syrupy Wine. Such sites are safe from most archeologists, who are generally more learned than athletic, but Philippe Diolé, director of Undersea Archeological Research for the French National Museums, is not merely learned. He is a "skin-diver," and loves nothing better than swimming under water with mask and air cylinder. Often the bottom of the sea is a desert with nothing to show that man has ever sailed over it, but sometimes an encrusted object looks somehow suspicious to Diolé's well-educated eye. Diolé investigates. He finds a chunk of Carrara marble or a graceful jar that was intended to carry syrupy wine to some homesick outpost near the Pillars of Hercules. Or he finds a forgotten concrete jetty built by Roman engineers to protect the harbor of a busy city that is now a fishing village.

Then through the diving digger's mind runs a torrent of history. Sometimes he knows the names of the merchant princes who shipped the jug of wine. He knows the temple, now disappeared, for which a cargo of marble columns was intended. He wonders, while the brilliant fish flutter around his head, why one Fadius Musa, a rich merchant of ancient Narbonne, loaded his ship so heavily with marble that the sea dragged it down.

Treasures in Wait. Diolé believes that "the future of archeology lies in the sea." Certainly many wrecks, some of them stuffed with well-preserved art objects, await the diving diggers. Those that lie near the shore in clear water are apt to be damaged by wave action and marine growths. Those that lie deeper or near the mouths of rivers which cover them with silt are better preserved, but are also harder to find and explore. Archeologists, Diolé thinks, should be taught to dive.



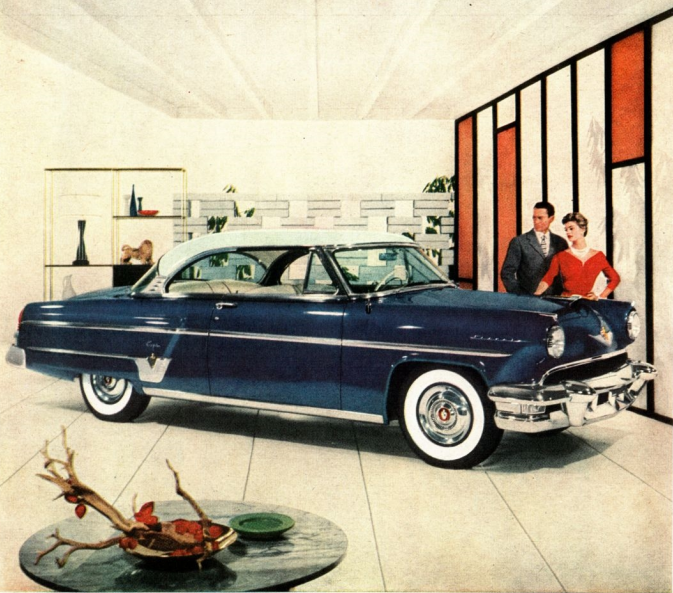
DIOLÉ & WIFE



ARCHEOLOGIST DIOLÉ AT WORK

Why did Fadius Musa overload his ship?

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An industry leader answers some questions about "BIGNESS"

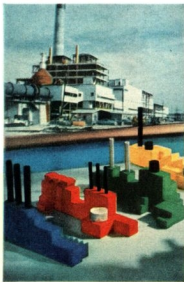
ANOTHER BIG PLANT AND STILL GREATER PRODUCTION CAPACITY FOR RAYONIER



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The 5th large mill in Jesup, Georgia, is a high point in current expansion. Built to produce superior new types of cellulose and prepare for customers' accelerating developments, the plant has an initial annual capacity of 174 million lbs.

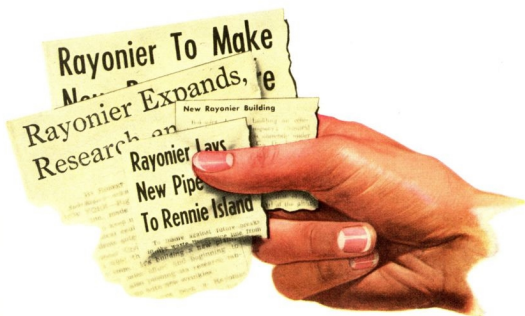
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INDUSTRY PROFITS from Rayonier's growth. Customers are assured a stable source of supply due to the company's extensive control of its prime material, a policy of maintaining capacity equal to maximum needs, plus stabilized price policy. These advantages few smaller firms offer.

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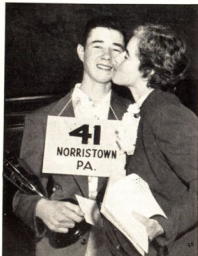
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EDUCATION

"Think Before You Spell"

Twice before, lanky Bill Cashore, 14, of little (pop. 500) Center Square, Pa., had entered the national spelling bee sponsored by the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Twice he had been knocked out at the district level. This year, when Bill decided to try again, under the auspices of the Norristown *Times-Herald*, he knew the odds against him only too well: each spring some 5,000,000 school kids enter the contest from all over the U.S.

A straight-A student at St. Helena's parochial high school, Bill went into training about a month ago. Though he hated to take time off from his stamp collecting and reading ("everything from match covers to encyclopedias," says his mother), he kept at his workouts. He pored



Associated Press

CHAMPION CASHORE & MOTHER
After "uncinated," the clincher.

over lists prepared by his teachers. At night, as he ate his bedtime snack, his mother would fire words at him while he struggled sleepily to spell them. The long preparation eventually paid off: last week Bill landed in Washington, D.C. for the finals.

In the Commerce Department auditorium, he and 56 others gathered for the big event. The first round proved so easy that not a single word was muffed. Then, gradually, the words began to get tougher. Bill got *bagatelle*, but someone spelled *cephalic* with an "s," someone else tacked an "ay" to the end of *hyperbole*, and a third decided that *soufflé* should conclude with "t." By luncheon only 34 contestants were left.

As the afternoon wore on, Bill felt himself grow groggy, and the bright lights began to "make me feel a little sick." Nevertheless, he stood his ground through *leprechaun* and *ichthyology*, while the others fell around him one by one. *Enslage* (with a "c") claimed one young victim, *etymology* (with an "i") another.

er. and *homiletic* (with a second "o") still another.

Bill had no trouble with *heterogeneous*, and though he had no idea what it meant, he managed to get through *accrete*. Other contestants were not so lucky: *mellifluous* lost an "l," *fenestrate* got a "phi," and *molybdenum* came out *moldinum*. By the time Bill was getting *apocalypse*, *pharisaical* and *littoral*, the auditorium was already ringing with misspelled words (*baubal*, *glatlat*, *pavillion*, *urbain*, *annoble*). Finally, the contest was narrowed down to three.

After Patricia Brown, 14, of Alabama, turned *miscible* into *missible*, William Kelley, 11, of Missouri, was confronted with *uncinated*. "U - n—" said young Kelley manfully. "s . . ." Bill Cashore fell into no such trap: *uncinated* came out with a "c," and *transept*, the clincher, with an "s."

Last week, with a \$500 scholarship in his pocket and a weekend scheduled in Manhattan, Champion Cashore admitted that he had "guessed a little" during the ordeal. But that did not prevent him from offering a word of advice to contestants of the future. "Study hard after school," said Bill. "And think before you spell."

Report Card

¶ Yale and the University of California announced a simultaneous windfall: \$1,200,000 apiece from the Atomic Energy Commission, to build the first two linear accelerators ever designed for the acceleration of heavy atomic ions. For Yale, which has long been disturbed by the decline in the number of its science majors (down from 14.2% in 1940 to 10.3% in 1952, as compared with around 25% on comparable campuses), the AEC decision will provide a long-awaited shot in the arm; the great machine will undoubtedly place Yale "in the forefront of nuclear research in the nation."

¶ Though far from being strangers to the problem of juvenile delinquency, citizens of New York City last week had reason to lose patience. One day, when rain ruined a school outing, hundreds of pupils swarmed onto subway trains and proceeded to run amok. They terrorized passengers, smashed 237 light bulbs, pulled emergency cords, ripped up seats, pummeled a guard, roughed up a station elevator operator. Snapped Magistrate Charles F. Murphy as he set an exceptional \$10,000 bail on one of the ringleaders: "City officials must stop coddling offenders."

¶ After questioning 128 colleges and universities, the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. of Minneapolis announced that this year's graduates should have no worry about getting jobs. Of the 128 campuses, 68 reported the same number of calls from business as in 1953, only 22 said they had fewer, and 38 reported a jump. As for beginning salaries, they were up another \$10 to \$25 a month—\$200 to \$340 for liberal-arts graduates, \$350 to \$400 for engineers.

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SPORT

The Big Grey

(See Cover)

The memory of the true champion lives on for generations after the mathematics of his achievement have been forgotten. His epitaph is not the thin type of the record book or the chestful of blackened silver trophies. It is legend. The Champ is inevitably bested. His record is broken. He dies. Or he retires in paunchy undefeatedness into the musty interior of a bar & grill, a half-interest in an oil well or the edible greenness of a southern pasture. Faster, stronger, younger, flashier pretenders rewrite the record books. But then they recede into the mists and, as before, memory clutches at the same old

lar, aristocratic racing colt who stands 16.2 hands (5 ft. 6 in.) high and weighs an above-average 1,200 lbs. His name: Native Dancer.

The Horse in the Living Room. Known to countless admirers as the Dancer, to track habitués as the Big Grey, and to a smaller group of intimates as the Big 'Orse, he is the Saturday matinee idol of several million TV viewers, many of whom have not seen a horse in the flesh since the milkman switched to a truck. His bearing, strength, speed and record suggest that there is not a horse now running that can beat him. He has already matched the record of the great Man o' War—21 races, 20 victories—and he has more big races to run. When he lost the

tically into the paddock at the head of a parade of nine entries. Wealthy Horseman Jock Whitney, owner of the No. 2 choice in the betting, gazed admiringly not at his own Straight Face but at the Dancer. "If any one beats him, I hope it's my horse," mused Whitney. "It's strange, but I hope the Dancer wins."

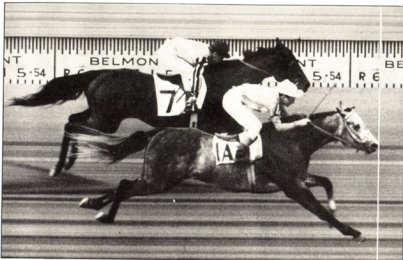
The Sport of Kings & the People. Until time, the breaks, the handicapper's lead weights, a bigger heart or better blood dethrone him, the Big Grey reigns as popularly chosen monarch over a domain that has grown into the nation's biggest spectator sport.

Last week, about 700,000 Americans went to the races. In 1953 the turnout was 30 million in all. Around the calendar, rain or shine, there were 107 thoroughbred race tracks to go to—such huge showplace parks as Belmont, Hialeah and Santa Anita; such tradition-misted places as Kentucky's Churchill Downs, Maryland's Pimlico or upstate New York's Saratoga; such concrete-and-asphalt betting receptacles as New York's Jamaica and Aqueduct; dozens of obscure little tracks that horsemen call "bull rings." There were 50,000 registered thoroughbreds, at least half of them in racing training, and 1,400 tough, undersized and often brave little men to don the silks of 1,400 registered race-horse owners and ride the thoroughbreds for money.

Racing is a sport and a business built largely on an unstable compound of chance and judgment: 1) the monetary chance-plus-judgment of race-betting, which last year drew some \$2,064,572,984 across parimutuel counters, and 2) Mendelian chance-plus-judgment, which governs the horsemen's old and insatiable yearning to breed a horse with more speed and more stamina than the last one. Out of the mating of these two lines come numberless thrills, frequent beauties, many sorrows and not a few ills of commercial horse racing. Racing lives in constant worry of the anti-betting moralizers and of the legislators who write the tax laws (currently, 26 state treasuries are taking an approximate \$150 million-a-year cut of the annual betting handle).

Why Is It Thrilling? It is no longer a rich man's monopoly (although it is still dependent on wealthy men willing to invest in the breeding, training and racing of thoroughbreds). Its adherents are a mixed bag of rich and poor, high-, middle- and lowbrow: those who get their kicks from the beauty of the horse and the excitement of the race, those who look only at the tote board, those who find in the combination of these attractions all the attributes of a poker game, circus, picnic, athletic contest, suspense movie, as well as an escape from the lesser, daily race in office or factory. For those who do not see it at all, they have no argument, merely sympathy.

"Who wants to argue about where a man should get his thrills?" philosophized one incorrigible. "To me, there is nothing like the thrill of taking in the beauty of the horses and the fruity figures of the tote board and combining them into a



NATIVE DANCER WINNING THE METROPOLITAN®
Call it flair, or class, or grace under pressure.

Crowley Jones

names. "There," says memory, "was a real champion."

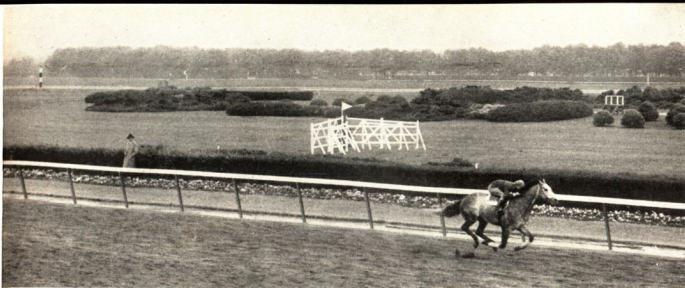
No one has ever quite documented how or why the legend of a champion grows. The present has its pressagents as the past had its poets (Was Achilles really that good, or did Homer just make him seem so?), and the ballyhoo is plastered no more thickly around movie folk and politicians than around the men and animals who compete with the elements, with the clock, with weight or age or strength or with each other, in the name of sport. But a true champion's feats endure because of what the champion himself adds: an undying spirit of competition, an ability to inspire awe, a willingness to gamble on losing, the guts to lose and rise again, an elusive mixture of spirit and showmanship. Whatever it is called—flair, class, style or what Hemingway once termed "grace under pressure"—it is the quality that breeds sport legend.

In the stable area of New York's elegant Belmont Park—Stall No. 6, Barn No. 20—lives a champion who at the age of four already seems destined to be the hero of such a legend. He is a big, muscu-

1953 Kentucky Derby by a head, thousands turned from their TV screens in sorrow, a few in tears. Hundreds of people, old and young, have sent him letters and greeting cards. Little girls have organized fan clubs in his name.

He has captured the admiration of the racing world's two indispensable castes, the expert horsemen and the two-buck bettors. Every time he goes, bettors by the thousands trust him to the extent of wagering \$1 to win a measly 5¢. A South American millionaire recently produced figures to prove that he could have added more to the family fortunes last year by betting Native Dancer to show (a minimum of 5% profit) than by investing in securities or playing the stock market. Among breeders, owners, trainers and jockeys, who devote their money and energy to other thoroughbreds for the express purpose of beating Native Dancer, there are those who half hope that they will not succeed, so great is their reverence for the horse. On the day of his most recent race, the Big Grey walked majes-

© Second: Greentree Stables' Straight Face.



THE DANCER WORKING OUT AT BELMONT (WATCHING AT LEFT: OWNER VANDERBILT)
For richer, for poorer, for highbrow, for lowbrow, for love of money and love of beauty.

Tommy Weber

certainly worth backing by \$2, \$5, maybe an occasional \$10. The gate opens and they're off. You look with horror on your horse, running a slow last. And you say, 'My God, they are only horses. Why, oh why, did I do it? Why did I trust him?' And you look again, and there he comes zooming down the stretch, past everything in the block, and wins by a nose. Your judgment is vindicated!"

Birth of a Champ. It is this happy mission of vindication to which the Big Grey appears to have dedicated his meticulously arranged life. The relevant history of the Dancer begins with the man who owns him, handsome, easygoing Multimillionaire Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. From his father, also named Alfred Gwynne (who went down with the *Lusitania* in 1915), the younger A. G. inherited a fortune guessed by some to run as high as \$20 million. "About \$8,000,000 will catch it," Vanderbilt once corrected. From his mother, Mrs. Margaret Emerson, daughter of the man who built Bromo-Seltzer into a fortune, he got as a birthday present a nice Maryland stable, Sagamore Farm, 17 miles northwest of Baltimore. Vanderbilt saw his first horse race at Pimlico at the age of ten; 15 years later he led a movement to modernize the old track, and became its president. At St. Paul's School he received daily in a plain brown wrapper the *Daily Racing Form*. Once, in 1929, he made profitable book among his schoolmates on the Kentucky Derby.

Vanderbilt got his first big horse in 1933—a tough, muscular stallion named Discovery, bought for \$25,000 as a two-year-old. At four, Discovery proved to be one of the great weight-carrying handicap horses of all time. A lot of bad racing years followed (including three in which Vanderbilt distinguished himself as a PT boat commander in the Pacific); as recently as 1948, the Vanderbilt stable was 28th on the owners' list—a veritable St. Louis Brown's finish. But then the Vanderbilt silks—cerise and

white—began to fly more jauntily. Discovery, at stud, had proved a fine producer, especially of brood mares. Vanderbilt hired an ex-all-America footballer (University of Kentucky) named Ralph Kercheval as manager of his 582-acre Maryland farm. He also took on a smart and modest young man named William C. (for Colin) Winfrey as the stable's full-time trainer. Himself the stepson of a trainer, Winfrey grew up among the horse barns and race tracks, rode a few races before weight grounded him. Today he is considered one of the best in his meticulous, taciturn profession. Vanderbilt's stable was top moneywinner of 1953 (\$987,306).

One day in 1949, Kercheval and Vanderbilt decided to mate Geisha, a grey mare sired by Discovery (see pedigree chart). As sire, they settled on Polyne-

sian, who had been a good middle-distance horse. The pedigree thus projected showed, as the horsemen put it, more speed than stay. But it generally fitted in with Vanderbilt's breeding notions, which, put simply, are to breed "best to best." ("For now," says Vanderbilt, "I guess my formula is simply to breed to a Discovery mare.") Geisha was sent to Kentucky for the breeding, and nearly twelve months later (he was almost a month late) the foal was born.

He had the black look that denotes a future grey.* In November 1951 he was turned over to the solicitous charge of Bill Winfrey. Sent out to California for training at Santa Anita, Native Dancer became a sensation before he ever raced. The early-morning clockers watched him run against three other yearlings, blinked and looked a second time at their watches: a quarter of a mile in 23 seconds, and he seemed hardly to try. Says Trainer Winfrey: "I knew we had a horse."

The Climb to Stardom. The Dancer came back East and ran his first race at Jamaica—a five-furlong sprint—at 7-5 odds. He won by 4½ lengths without even plastering his alert, light grey ears down to his skull and stretching all-out. Said calm but pleased Owner Vanderbilt: "He'll do."

From that day on, the odds on Native Dancer have always been short—a better hand had to risk more than he could win. His record as a two-year-old was a magnificent, munificent whoosh: nine races run,



Bert Morgan

JOCKEY GUERIN
You just can't explain it.

* Slightly less than 1% of approximately 50,000 thoroughbred horses in the U.S. are greys, their grey genes traceable back in the thoroughbred books to one stallion known as Aleck Arabian or Mr. Pelham's Grey Arab (circa 1690). In some racing circles, there is talk that greys are unlucky and poor stayers, but that has no foundation in the records. For a time, however, the grey line almost died out of racing. The line was resuscitated by a French grey named Le Sancy foaled in 1884. Le Sancy's blood passed down to a powerful procreator named Roi Herode. The Dancer's grey dam, Geisha, is a great-great granddaughter of Roi Herode.

nine races won. Seven of them were stake races. Earnings: \$203,495, then an all-time high for a two-year-old.

The experts, who are parsimonious with praise and perfectly capable of splitting a horsehair from four furlongs away on a misty day, began the first cautious forays into the possibility of the Big Grey's greatness. There was talk about the horse's ankles. They puffed out and, at the feel of an expert hand, showed some heat—a sign of trouble in the most fragile area of the thoroughbred's anatomy. But the ankles responded to treatment. Otherwise, the big horse was just about perfect to the expert eye. "I simply can't fault him," says Winfrey.

When the Dancer pranced onto the harrowed dirt of Jamaica in April 1953 to bow in as a three-year-old, he was already a TV personality. His big grey frame was easy to find in the pack, and his handsome, wiggly-eared grey profile was an increasingly familiar sight when the cameras focused on the winner's circles. He went off as 1-to-6 favorite for the season, took two big prep races with ease. Then came the most glamorous of all, the

Kentucky Derby, the "Run for the Roses" at Churchill Downs.

The Dancer was bumped badly on the first turn. The post-mortems suggest that he did not get the best ride from Jockey Eric Guerin. The Dancer made a tremendous, express-train move, and pulled inside to the rail behind the front-running Dark Star. He was boxed in by a horse to his right and so Guerin had to pull up, swing him out and demand a big rush all over again. Once more, the Dancer surged in, pounded by Guerin all the way down the stretch, and almost caught Dark Star. He lost by a head. "In that last 100 yards or so," says Bill Winfrey, "he probably ran the fastest he has ever run." The Dancer's groom, a devoted, venerable Maryland Negro named Lester Murray, insists that the Dancer was badly disturbed after that race by being led back to the stable without the accustomed halt at the winner's circle.

For the rest of the three-year-old season, the Dancer saw to it that the halt en route was not omitted. He took the other bright gemstones of the Triple Crown, the Preakness at a mile and three-sixteenths

and the Belmont at a mile and a half, and just about every other three-year-old prize worth having east of the Mississippi. It proved that in, addition to speed, the Dancer had stamina; the greater the distance, the better he seemed to go. But in September 1953 Trainer Winfrey detected some soreness in the Dancer's left forefoot and a limp in his walk. It was a stone bruise. The Dancer was retired for the rest of the year. Tom Fool, a fabulous four-year-old, won New York's three big handicaps (the Metropolitan, Suburban and Brooklyn). Horsemen who had hoped to see Tom Fool and Native Dancer in the same race were disappointed. Some insisted that Tom Fool would have won at a mile or less; some picked the Dancer under any circumstances. "Tom Fool was a big, tough marine, a smart s.o.b. who would give it all to win," said one track veteran. "But the grey horse . . ." He paused. "He's a genius, that's all."

The Comeback. For seven months, while his hoof was healing, the Dancer frisked about the comfortable reaches of Sagamore Farm. Early this spring he was ready once more.

Belmont's Barn 20 is an equine Ritz-Carlton, decorated with bright splashes of Vanderbilt's cerise and white and run by a veteran drill sergeant of a foreman who has Vanderbilt's and Winfrey's mandate to buy whatever he needs to keep the race horses fit and happy. Stall 6 is the royal suite. The Dancer, afflicted with the typical thin skin of the grey, suffers from the heat and can't stand flies, so there are fans to keep the air moving through the stall and an automatic fly-spraying system for the entire barn.

When he went back into Stall 6 to resume his career, the Dancer was a noticeably different horse from the one of a year before. He had put on hardly any weight, but the 1,200 lbs. had plainly hardened. The dark grey had begun to lighten around the flanks; the head was now more on the white side of grey than on the black (if he lives long enough, the Dancer will turn snow white). Standing, he had a massive, granite look—a sculptured masterpiece waiting for a pedestal. In his maturity, the hefty, muscular look that horsemen associate with sprinters had taken on some of the longer, stringier look associated with stayers. The result, remarked the *Morning Telegraph's* Evan Shipman, is a sort of "intermediate conformation" that may some day become fixed as "the American horse," a kind versatile enough to win the big ones at both short and long distances. "The Dancer," said Bill Winfrey, "has grown from boy into man."

One weekday afternoon recently, Vanderbilt and Winfrey sent the Dancer out for his 1954 debut—a six-furlong sprint. He won it handily and, to the surprise of no one, was assigned the highest weight for his first handicap race—the Metropolitan. A pleasantly unswerving gentleman named John Blanks Campbell, veteran of 49 years at the tracks, enjoys the dictatorial power to estimate the



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GROOM MURRAY & FRIEND
They know each other lak' a book.

talents of horses at most of the big eastern race tracks and thereupon to garland each with an amount of weight theoretically calculated to make all the horses in a handicap race cross the finish line simultaneously. The idea for the Metropolitan was that Native Dancer should carry 130,⁶ and the next closest horse—Straight Face—should carry 117. For Native Dancer, the idea was to win at that disadvantage. Whereupon the idea for Handicapper Campbell would be to put on more weight next time; and so on until the Dancer is beaten or retires.

A Day at the Races. On the day of the race, dawn broke with the usual damp wind off Jamaica Bay. But nothing dampened the air of brisk efficiency at the track. The long green barns disgorged a morning-long stream of high-bred, high-headed horses. From the barns of the small-time owners and trainers they came in ones and twos. From the wealthier barns they came in "sets," each horse mounted by an exercise boy tricked up in a sweater dyed bright with the owner's colors.

The gaping stands were empty, except for a handful of clockers who sit every morning like a band of peering overweight crows to collect data which may or may not tell something about how a given horse will do in a race. Hugging the rail, the horses that were really "working" (i.e., going all-out) drummed by, and the clockers shouted out cryptic fractions. Exercise boys hunched over the withers or, if they trusted the animals beneath them, stood high in the stirrups. A Cuban jockey sped by, crooning to his horse in

Spanish. A steeplechase jock eased past on a chestnut jumper. A skittish, short-backed filly began to act up, slogging at the bit and trying to turn back up the track. Her jockey cursed: "You crummy pig. You're going back to the bull rings."

In Barn 20, two sets of Vanderbilt horses had already returned from workouts. They were led up a neat row of peppermint-striped water pails. At each pail, a groom swabbed down a horse with a sponge of warm water, then covered him with a bright "cooler" (blanket). Then the "hot walkers" took over, for the lowly but necessary job of walking the work-hot horses for 30 minutes or an hour, until they have been gradually watered and cooled. For the Dancer, the day was just beginning:

8 a.m. Old Les Murray waddles into Stall 6, trustfully sits on the straw directly beneath Native Dancer and begins wrapping training bandages around both fore ankles. Bill Winfrey, standing by and sipping coffee, does not intend to work the Dancer hard but merely to "blow him out"—let him run to clear his lungs and get his system uninked for the afternoon's business. Bernie Everson, the Dancer's regular exercise boy, mounts and, with Winfrey in the lead on a palomino pony, walks the Dancer slowly out to the big track. From the stands, the clockers can see a quarter of a mile away that the Big Grey is out for a gallop. Another Vanderbilt horse, Find, jogs ahead and then breaks into a gallop. Everson follows with the Big Grey. "I got the Dancer," cries one of the clockers, flicking the stem of his stopwatch. Effortlessly, the big legs stretch out, and the long grey frame glides past the white and gilt distance poles. Twenty-four seconds later the Dancer coasts past the finish line, a nose ahead of Find and snorting only

slightly from a brisk but hardly demanding $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

8:10 a.m. Back in the barn, Les Murray takes over again, to "do" his horse. Though given to rough playfulness that can easily hurt a man (he once blacked Winfrey's eye merely by lifting a knee while the trainer was inspecting his ankle), the Dancer stands stone calm as the groom sponges off the sleek grey hide and gives the legs a liniment wash. "He knows me lak' a book," says Murray. "An' I knows him. We gets along." Mutters a visitor: "That guy sure has faith in that grey horse." Now almost finished, Murray takes hold of the dark grey tail and pulls his 200-plus pounds to his feet. "That's how I stand up," Murray laughs. The Dancer hardly moves a muscle.

9:25 a.m. The official veterinarian arrives to make sure the grey horse's lip tattoo matches the one listed for Native Dancer (F6888), takes his temperature (99.4) and pulse (34).

9:50 a.m. The track blacksmith examines the Dancer's aluminum racing shoes (size 6, next to largest), replaces a few questionable nails.

10:30 a.m. The Dancer whickers. "When he's talkin' like that, he wants his food," says Murray. Two quarts of oats go into the cerise and white feed bucket. The Dancer is a "good doer," i.e., a copious eater—about ten quarts of grain and extras a day. As the horse eats, Murray begins to whistle. "This is how I make him make water," he explains.

11 a.m. The Dancer goes to sleep. For four hours, he snoozes in his stall, standing head to corner, his rear legs slightly crossed. "He can tell every time when it's a race day," says Winfrey, "but it doesn't bother him a bit. He's the coolest horse I've ever seen."

3 p.m. Murray carefully braids the horse's mane and tail, "jes" for looks." From the track comes the faint sound of



TRAINER WINFREY
He knew he had a horse.

⁶ Distributed thus: Jockey Guerin, 113 lbs.; equipment (saddle, girth and saddle cloth), 4½ lbs.; flat lead weights in saddle-cloth slots, 12½ lbs.



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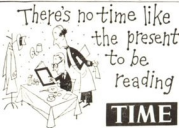
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bugles, announcing that the horses for the fifth race are moving onto the track. The paddock is ready for the horses for the sixth, the Metropolitan. "And away we go!" says Trainer Winfrey. Encased in a pair of light blankets, led by Everson on a lead pony, the Dancer walks coolly through the shade to the paddock.

3:40 p.m. In the jockeys' room, the riders slip on their silks. Thin-faced Eric Guerin, the Cajun-born veteran who is about to ride the Dancer for the 20th time (in 21 races), still feels special about it. "You can try to tell someone how good it is, how strong he feels and what it's like to ride him," he says, "but you can't; a guy's just got to ride him to know." Jockey Jack Westrope, whose mount, Magic Lamp, is a 30-to-1 shot, says: "I'm not afraid of the grey horse." Guerin looks at Westrope and walks out, unsmiling.

3:45 p.m. In Stall 2 of the paddock, Owner Vanderbilt and Trainer Winfrey talk casually with visitors. The tack is carried in, and as Winfrey pulls tight the cinch belt the Dancer rears. The crowd gasps, but the horse, icy calm again in a moment, is saddled and led to the walking ring. Instructions to Guerin are simple: "Ride him with confidence."

4:08 p.m. The bugle. A crowd of 39,000 jamming the Belmont grounds waits expectantly as the nine horses stream around the track to the starting gate. The tote board shows that \$376,243 had been wagered on the race, 65% of it on the Dancer to win, place or show.

4:19 1/2 p.m. The starting gate opens and spills a sudden glitter of color on the track. The Dancer starts an alert fifth, almost immediately drops back to eighth. The crowd accepts it as just the Dancer's routine. Straight Face, in front from the gate, gradually opens a lead. The great murmur of the crowd grows deeper. In the third quarter the Dancer, his head merely rising and falling to the other horses' frenetic bobbing, reaches the quarter pole in fifth place and seven lengths behind Straight Face. The crowd's sound swells into a half-angry, half-keening roar.

4:20 1/2 p.m. By the head of the stretch, the Dancer has plainly beaten the seven others, but Straight Face is going strong, at least six lengths ahead. Jockey Guerin is now worried, and so is the crowd. His whip whacks the Dancer's rump four times. Suddenly the grey rear legs slam out like locomotive drive shafts, the front legs seem to grow another two feet long, and in a few space-gulping strides the Dancer catches Straight Face. As he draws abreast, he rubs it in: perceptibly, the horse slows the huge stride and merely stretches his throbbing neck ahead.

4:21 1/2 p.m. The cameras click, the tote board flashes the red warning "Photo," but the roaring crowd knows the result: another typical Dancer performance of heartbreak first, and then glory. The treatment has taken only one minute 35 1/2 seconds (only two-fifths short of the Belmont mile record set by Count Fleet carrying 14 lbs. less). To do it, the Dancer ran the last quarter in a striking 24 seconds or less.



THE ALFRED VANDERBILTS

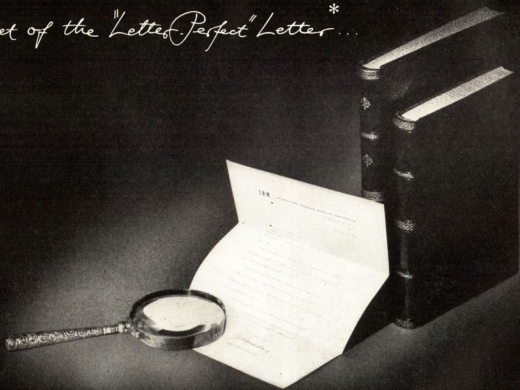
The challenge plucks at the will.

4:30 p.m. The crowd, as well as trainer, jockey and owner, are still shaken by the Big Grey's mercilessly teasing performance. "I wanted to start moving up at the half-mile pole," says relieved Jockey Guerin, "but the horse just wouldn't move then. Was I scared? You're damned right, right down to 50 yards away. I rode him with confidence all right"—he manages a sickly grin—"but he damn near betrayed me." The Dancer merely gulps a few big gulps of air, gives his customary fine TV performance in the winner's circle, and saunters down the shady half mile to Barn 26. Millionaire Vanderbilt collects another \$28,300 in prize money, making it a total of \$781,970 to date for the Dancer. The Dancer gets a meal of some oats, bran, carrots and flaxseed, and the usual victory greeting from Lester Murray: "Come on, you big bum, and I'll do you nice."

The Challenge Ahead. As usual, the Dancer had won by racing only as hard as he pleased, and in his own way. He had still not shown how fast he can really run if pressed or cajoled into it. In his 21 races, he has equaled only one world's record (6 1/2 furlongs on the straightaway in 1:14 1/8). Yet there was not a horseman around last week who dared risk his reputation by insisting that the Dancer could not, if he wanted to, write new times into the record. The Metropolitan proved that the Dancer could take on crack horses at a distance that is not his best, give them ample weight, and beat them. "Every time he goes out and races that way, there is danger for him," said a nerve-racked Dancer lover last week. "But that's one of the things that make him so exciting."

This week the Dancer alarmed his owner and his fans when he developed a "slight sign of a bruise" on his right forefoot, apparently during training. His shoes were pulled off to give him a

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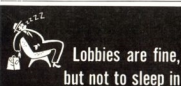
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rest. If all goes well, the Big Grey will try to do it again over a longer distance (1½ miles) with as much or more of a weight spread in the \$50,000 Memorial Day Suburban Handicap. After that, Alfred Vanderbilt can choose to race the horse under a whopping impost (possibly in the 140-lb. area) in the Brooklyn Handicap, or take him West.

Vanderbilt would really like to do neither. He wants to try something else—take his horse to England, where Vanderbilt was born, and prove the Dancer not just a U.S. but a world champion.

He has already entered the horse for the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, a one-and-a-half-mile race at Ascot in July, which would mix the Dancer with the best on the other side of the Atlantic. At Ascot, the Dancer would have to race clockwise instead of counterclockwise, on turf instead of dirt, on a course that runs irregularly instead of on a neat, flat oval. The last bend of Ascot's "old mile" rises more than 40 feet in three furlongs. To run the course's ups & downs, a horse must be able to accelerate, slow down, accelerate on demand. Next week, Owner Vanderbilt and Trainer Winfrey plan to fly to Britain to case Ascot for themselves. One of the toughest problems: should Jockey Guerin, who has never ridden the kind of race required by English tracks, ride the Big Grey? It would all be difficult—and challenging.

The challenge plucks at the will of Owner Vanderbilt. It piques the imagination of those who see in the Dancer the qualities of true thoroughbred greatness. They can visualize the power-burst finish—uphill and all—and the proud, nostril-flaring stand in a foreign winner's circle. Whether the vision proves right or not, memory is likely to treasure the Big Grey. "There," they will say someday, "there was a real champion."

Scoreboard

¶ At Maryland's Pimlico track, Hasty Road, a front runner all the way, nipped favored (9-10) Correlation by a neck in the \$140,150 Preakness Stakes, second event in racing's triple crown for three-year-olds.

¶ In Los Angeles, Shotputter Parry O'Brien, who cracked the 60-ft. barrier fortnight ago, broke his own record (by ½ in.) with another record heave of 60 ft. 5½ in. He is now aiming at 62 ft. Another world record was set at the Coliseum relays when the Fordham University quartet of Terry Foley, Frank Tarsney, Bill Persichetty and Tom Courtney ran the two-mile relay in 7:27.3. Old (1952) record: 7:29.2.

¶ In New York, Philadelphia's Joey Giardello, top-ranked middleweight taking dead aim on Champion Bobo Olson's title, misfired and lost a unanimous ten-round decision to France's Pierre Langlois, a 4-1 underdog.

¶ In Cleveland, the Indians, beating Baltimore in a doubleheader this week, kept their winning streak alive at eleven straight, kept their American League lead of 2½ games over the Chicago White Sox.



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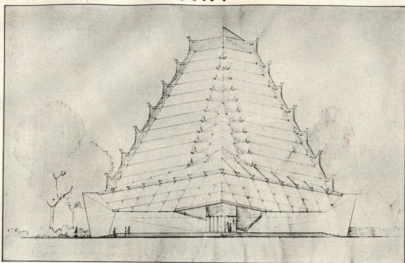
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WRIGHT'S DESIGN FOR PHILADELPHIA SYNAGOGUE
For a supreme moment, beauty and reverence.

Promised Hosanna

The Jewish people have built their places of worship all over the world, but never have they produced architectural monuments to rival those of other faiths. This week, in the year commemorating the arrival of the first group of Jewish families in America 300 years ago,* the Beth Shalom Congregation in Philadelphia announced that U.S. Judaism was hoping to close the gap. It had commissioned Architect Frank Lloyd Wright to design a synagogue which would "wed the American spirit to the ancient spirit of Israel."

Wright's synagogue began as a gleam in the pastoral eye of Mortimer J. Cohen, rabbi of the Beth Shalom Congregation.

* When 23 Jews fled persecution in Brazil, came to Manhattan. The first U.S. synagogue went up in 1730 in lower Manhattan; the oldest still in existence is the Jeshuat Israel Synagogue in Newport, R.I., built in 1763.

Rabbi Cohen took his ideas on what a modern synagogue should be to Wright, asked him to design the temple. Wright, the son of a Unitarian minister, was intrigued with the challenge. After working out the design in his studio in Arizona, he delivered his plans to Rabbi Cohen.

Taking the theme of Mt. Sinai, where God gave Moses the two stone tablets containing the Ten Commandments, Wright projected a huge (175 ft. wide by 100 ft. tall) pyramidal structure in the form of a distorted hexagon. The main auditorium will seat 1,200. Dominating the interior will be a 40-ft.-high ark of the covenant, faced with colored glass to symbolize the burning bush that was not consumed. The pulpit will be in the center, a return to the custom of ancient times, which emphasized what Rabbi Cohen calls "the democratic relationship between the religious leader and the congregation." The exterior will be double-walled—blue-tinted plastic under white-wired glass. A copper

cap covering the pyramid will proclaim in large Hebrew letters: "I am the Lord thy God." Rabbi Cohen hopes to break ground for the \$750,000 synagogue in Philadelphia's suburban Elkins Park next fall.

Transmitting his plans to the Philadelphia congregation, Wright wrote: "Here with the promised hosanna—a temple that is truly a religious tribute to the living God . . . Here you have a coherent statement of worship. I hope it pleases you and your people." Replied Rabbi Cohen: "You have taken the supreme moment of Jewish history and experience—the revelation of God to Israel through Moses at Mt. Sinai—and you have translated that moment with all it signifies into a design of beauty and reverence."

Whither Away

One sure way to start an argument in artistic circles is to try to define the course of contemporary American painting. Sometimes it seems headed for new heights, sometimes for dead-end crashes. It ranges between the two extremes of realism: 1) making paint look as much as possible like something else, and 2) letting it look like just paint. It makes some people mad and others glad, on alternate days. A good example of what the shouting is about can be seen this week at Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum, where Director James Johnson Sweeney has assembled an exhibition of 54 paintings entitled "Younger American Painters."

Director Sweeney, who toured the country to make his selections in person, favors abstract art, and the scattering of representational pictures in his exhibition looks almost as out of place as dogs at a flower show. But Sweeney carefully points out that the exhibition is not meant to be a cross section or to indicate a trend.

Jackstraws in the Sky. Sweeney does suggest that U.S. painters are less conscious of tradition than the European and are apt to experiment more. He finds a surprising degree of Oriental influence in American art and a lot of new life among the West Coast painters. A stand-out

PUBLIC FAVORITES (39)



COROT

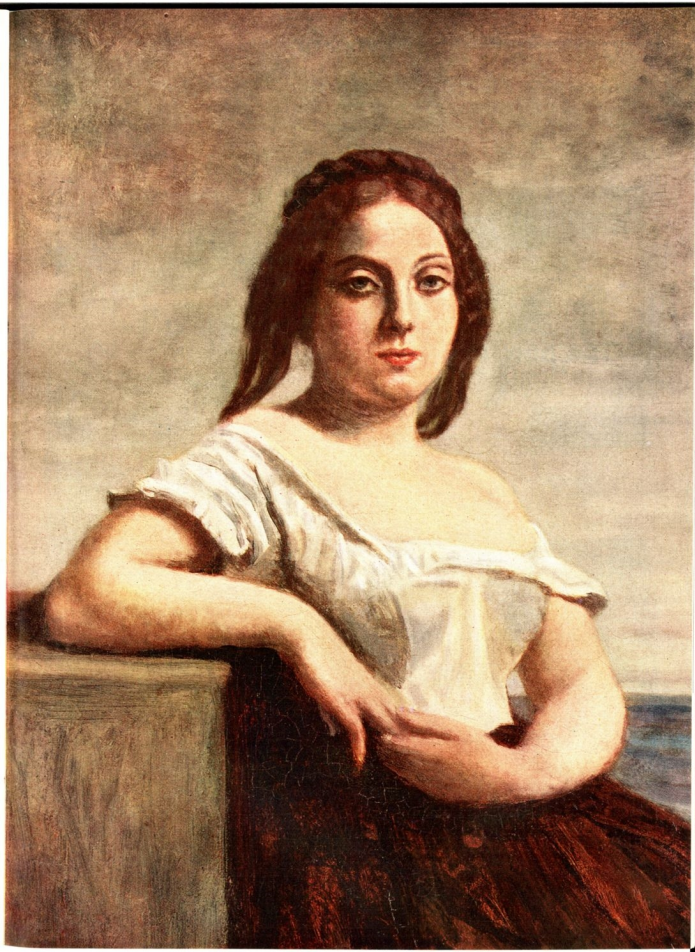
JEAN-BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT was one of the most puzzling painters of the 19th century. His studio pictures could be weak, dull and sickly sweet; his paintings direct from nature were often as pure and clear as a thrush's song. An example of Corot at his best is his *Blonde Gasconne* (opposite), the public favorite at the Smith College Museum of Art. In this simple picture the pearly atmosphere is conveyed as only Corot could, and the girl seems almost a condensation of the cool sea air. She is an unforgettable

presence, melancholy and mysterious as a peasant Mona Lisa. Corot started off strong. He was blessed with deep feeling for nature, instinctive taste and a large allowance from his family. At 29 he went to Italy and immediately started painting the best landscapes of his career. He outdid even his great

French predecessors in Rome—Poussin and Claude Lorrain—by redoing their favorite scenes in a less theatrical manner.

But after Corot's return to Paris, lesser men kept urging him to paint big, neo-classical scenes stuffed with the literary allusions then popular. Amiability was perhaps Corot's greatest fault as an artist. In time he gave in, gained critical success with such pictures, then proceeded to make a popular and financial success with watered-down studio versions of his landscapes. From his late 40s until his death at 78, Corot painted thousands of such coveyby canvases to fill a vast and continuing demand. Only now and then, as with the *Blonde Gasconne*, did he rise again to the heights of his intransigent youth.

Corot gave a large part of his earnings to other artists. He generally thought his friends better painters than himself. His own work he described as "little music." The phrase is not simply humble; it has the distinction of accuracy. But when it flowed pure, Corot's "little music" surpassed that of his greatest contemporaries. Neither the lyre of Ingres nor the trumpet of Delacroix is so haunting as Corot's pastoral pipes.



Great Ideas of Western Man...ONE OF A SERIES



Edmund Burke on the People's Liberty




The people never give up their liberties



but under some delusion



(Speech in Buckinghamshire, 1784)



Artist: Walter H. Allner

Container Corporation of America



illustration of all three points is Morris Graves's monochromatic *Young Gander Ready for Flight*. Seattle's Graves goes his own experimental way (TIME, March 15, 1948), but he is obviously more indebted to Oriental art than to the European. San Francisco's Ralph Du Casse, who also draws inspiration from the Far East, contributed one of the strongest pictures in the show: an edgy abstraction that appears to superimpose Chinese calligraphy on shattered glass. Brooklyn's Adolph Gottlieb batted out one of the best abstractions of his career for the home team. Whether it represents jackstraws twirling in the evening sky or dumbbells flying at Jacobs Beach is not made clear by the title: *W*.

Any exhibition of a crowd of contemporary artists is bound to include some lemons, and a few canvases at the Guggenheim look not so much painted as

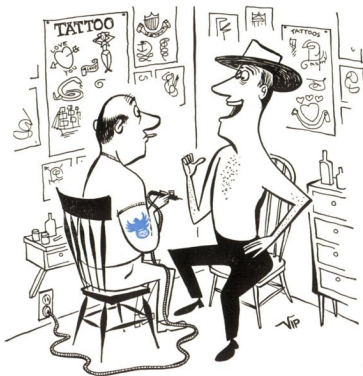


The Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.
GRAVES'S "YOUNG GANDER"
The twain did meet.

beaten with muddy sticks. A contrastingly pristine nothing is *Two Circles*, by the art director for Condé Nast magazines, Alexander Liberman. Consisting simply of two shiny black disks on a white panel, it is as chic as two black eyes have become in café society.

Hats in the Air. Manhattan critics divided sharply on the show. The *Herald Tribune*'s Emily Genauer found it "all really very good-looking, but it's still so uninteresting." *Art News*'s twinkly old Henry McBride, who has been reviewing for more than 40 years, flung his hat in the air. The show proves, said McBride, "that this country of ours does seem to be really going along at last on its own power, with so few and such slight references to European painting that they may be discounted at the start."

Others were less quick to decide the overall value of the exhibition. Perhaps Sweeney's selections were too personal to answer any major questions about the present and future of American art, but they raised plenty.



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RELIGION

New Name in the Book

Giuseppe Sarto was a poor boy. His father earned 50¢ a day as municipal messenger and janitor for the Italian town of Riese, near Venice, and his mother made clothes for the local farmers and laborers. When Giuseppe walked the four miles to secondary school and back each day he used to take off his shoes and carry them to save the leather.

Giuseppe Sarto became assistant parish priest at Tombolo, and he was still poor; in all his nine years there he was never able to buy a full set of vestments. Each evening, after the parish work was done, he would study until midnight or later, then rise at 4 to ring the church bells and open the church door because the sacristan was old and easily tired.

When he became a full-fledged parish priest at Salzano he gave away so much to the poor that his clerical ring was often in the pawnshop. At the end of his nine years there his devoted parishioners wrote a poem for him that went: "He came in garments that were torn, he left without a shirt."

Rise of a Country Priest. The Bishop of Treviso surprised everyone and irritated some by making young Don Sarto a canon—a post hitherto held exclusively by noblemen. In his first speech before the Treviso seminary as its spiritual instructor he said: "I am no professor, just a country priest, whom God has most unaccountably brought among you. Remember that study and knowledge and science, excellent things in themselves, are perverted if they become objects of pride."

Giuseppe Sarto became Bishop of Mantua, then Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. He was still poor, still giving away his few belongings and launching quixotic business ventures to help his flock. To one visitor he complained that a gold watch he had been given was engraved with the patri-

archal arms and therefore could not be pawned. When Pope Leo XIII died in 1903 and Cardinal Sarto had to go to Rome for the conclave, he did not have enough money for the railroad fare and the Catholic bank in Venice refused to lend it to him. He got his loan from a Jewish friend and bought a round-trip ticket to save money.

It was a one-way trip. When after several days of balloting it became obvious that he was going to be elected Pope, he fled in consternation from his fellow cardinals. Msgr. Merry del Val, later his Secretary of State, found him in the Pauline Chapel on his knees, his head buried in his hands. "Monsignor, you can persuade them. Tell them not to vote for me," Sarto pleaded. When the commander of the Noble Guard went to take his first orders, the new Pope offered him a chair with his own hands. When the commander protested, the Pope said sadly: "It was nice to carry chairs for people. Now it's the end of all that."

His Mark on the Church. Pius X was one of the strongest Popes since the Renaissance. He left his mark on the theology of the church by cracking down hard on "modernists," who meant to water down the traditional faith of the church to make it conform to prevailing scientific and rationalist concepts. He left his mark on modern liturgy by stimulating a return to Gregorian chant. He deeply influenced contemporary Catholic life by calling for frequent communion and for the early communion of children, by developing the laymen's movement known as Catholic Action.

Cardinal Mercier of Belgium once said: "If in the days of Luther and Calvin the church had possessed a Pope of the temper of Pius, would Protestantism have succeeded in getting a third of Europe to break loose from Rome?"

Giuseppe Sarto died at the age of 79 in

August 1914, broken-hearted over the World War, which had just begun.

This week, after a "process" lasting only 31 years, Giuseppe Sarto becomes the 4394th known saint in the Roman Catholic calendar, the first Pope in 242 years to be canonized (the last: Pius V). It will be one of the most impressive Vatican occasions in years; though only recently recovered from serious illness, Pope Pius XII plans to officiate. Provision has been made for some 500,000 spectators in St. Peter's Square. From all over the world they have come to hear Pius XII (who knew Sarto well) proclaim the words of canonization (in Latin):

"To the honor of the most Holy Trinity and for the exaltation of the Catholic faith and for the increase of the Christian religion, through the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul and through our own authority . . . we decree and define as saint the Blessed Pius X and order his name to be written in the books of saints."

The Side of the Serpent

Scientists, once so sure that they were leading mankind out of religious darkness, do not stress the point these days, and churchmen are speaking out quite boldly again about such old-fashioned concepts as Original Sin and the Last Judgment. Last week a prominent scientist did his best to answer back.

Before the Royal Society of New Zealand's Eighth Science Congress, Australia's top atomic physicist, Marcus Laurence Oliphant, attacked recent statements by Pope Pius XII and Labor Leader Clement R. Attlee citing the misuse of science as a menace to the world. Scientist Oliphant implied that the world's sorry state is the fault of the churches for not doing their job better. "I can find no evidence whatever," he said, "that the morality of mankind has improved over the 5,000 years or so of recorded history."

In the Garden of Eden incident, moreover, Professor Oliphant gladly ranged himself on the side of the Serpent. "We are told that . . . Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden because they disobeyed the law and ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. It seems strange to me that the exercise of the greatest faculty with which man has been endowed should ever have been regarded as a sin . . . By a deliberate act, probably the greatest step he ever took, [Man] chose to seek knowledge, thereby setting himself apart from all living things and ensuring his ultimate dominion over the earth. What is called the Fall of Man should be known as the Ascent of Man."

34,586 Decisions

"The Spirit of God is moving across Great Britain," said Billy Graham last week. On a raw afternoon of wind and rain (the kind of weather, Billy told the crowds, that would have emptied a U.S. stadium), he wound up his three-month campaign with two open-air meetings. At London's White City Stadium 67,000 came to hear him, and at Wembley, a



PIUS X ON HIS DEATHBED
From poverty, charity and strength.

International



Carl Mydans—Life

BILLY GRAHAM IN LONDON Harpoons and bowed heads.

few hours later, about 120,000 turned out—more than had come there to the 1948 Olympic games. When Evangelist Graham called on them to step forward and "receive Christ as your Lord and Master and Saviour," 2,038 surged out of their seats at White City and 2,022 at Wembley, making the day's total of 4,060 "decisions."

The Cutting Edge. During his British campaign, 1,761,000* had come to hear him (many of them repeaters) and 34,586 had been stirred to come forward and give their names for later follow-up sessions with their own ministers. What the long-term effect will be on England's anemic spiritual life will take time to appraise, but ministers who get about the country already report a heavy increase in church attendance and collections. And the clergy of England, at first skeptical about Evangelist Graham, are now warmly grateful: last week 2,300 of them gathered at Westminster for a farewell lunch to Graham. After the Wembley meeting, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself pronounced the benediction.

The biggest change in attitude occurred among the press. Graham's first press conference in Britain was lively with verbal harpoons and loaded questions (TIME, March 8), but last week's conference ended with a benediction and bowed heads.

"We Live & Learn." The newspapers that had scoffed at the "hot gossip" from the U.S. now wrote editorials of warm praise. Even the *Daily Mirror's*

* Not counting some 112,000 who have heard Graham speak at special meetings, or an estimated 500,000 throughout Britain who have listened to him over leased telephone lines in their own churches and town halls.

sharp-tongued columnist, "Cassandra" (William Connor), devoted more than a page to his second thoughts on the man he had called a "Hollywood version of John the Baptist."

"I think," he wrote, "that he is a good man. I think that he is also a simple man. And goodness and simplicity are a couple of tough customers . . . In this country, battered and squeezed as no victorious nation has ever been before and disillusioned almost beyond endurance, he has been welcomed with an exuberance that almost makes us blush behind our precious Anglo-Saxon reserve. I never thought that friendliness had such a sharp cutting edge. I never thought that simplicity could cudgel us so damned hard. We live and learn."

Twelve pounds lighter than he was last March, Evangelist Graham is off next month on a fortnight's tour of other European countries, with meetings (through interpreters) scheduled in Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, Berlin and Paris. Churches in Glasgow, Birmingham and London have invited him to come back to Britain next year for another campaign, and he probably will.

"Meanwhile," says Billy Graham, "God is expecting great things from Britain."

Words & Works

¶ The 166th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (northern) voted unanimous approval of a plan to unite its 2,581,580-member denomination with two other U.S. Presbyterian groups—the 718,791-member Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (southern) and the 222,201-member United Presbyterian Church of North America. Next steps in the merger: approval by two-thirds of the U.S.A. Presbyterians' 237 regional presbyteries, similar approval by the General Assemblies and presbyteries of the other two denominations.

¶ The Long Run Association of Baptists (120 Baptist churches and missions near Louisville, Ky.) announced that it was having an enthusiastic response to its sponsorship of major-league baseball game broadcasts over Louisville Station WGRC. Sample commercial: "How about joining the Lord's team and playing the game of life as it should be played?"

¶ Methodist Layman Everett Mills Hosman, who has been training church ushers for about ten years, told an interdenominational meeting of church ushers in Memphis, Tenn. that "ushers can louse up the service or make it more worshipful." No good usher, said Hosman, uses strong after-shave lotion, wets his thumb when handing out bulletins, or grasps a lady around the waist or by the arm in showing her to her pew. Expert Hosman's advice on how to get people to sit up front: don't give out the bulletin right away, but use it as "bait" to lure back-pew addicts down the aisle. Added Hosman: "Ushering is not a job for women." Reasons: their high heels slow them down; they can't open and close windows quietly, or carry out hefty brethren who become ill.

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me at
Essex
House"



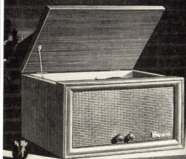
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MEDICINE

Doctors on Strike

With 4,000 registered physicians for 1,500,000 people, Israel is the world's most intensively doctored nation. But last week more than half its physicians were idle, most of its clinics were shut down, and only emergency cases could get medical care. What had happened was that 2,200 doctors* had gone on a three-day strike for higher pay.

Their complaints: in most countries a physician makes five to nine times as much as a manual worker, but in Israel he is lucky if he makes half as much again. Many a hospital cook with a big family takes home a fatter pay envelope than the chief of the medical staff (380 Israeli pounds, or \$292, after 25 years' service). In Israel's controlled economy, wage boosts for the doctors would mean another round of wage increases (the last were granted in 1952) for all professional people in government employ. The government, scared of a spiraling inflation, flatly refused the doctors' latest demands.

Public and press, nurtured in the tradition that "doctors don't strike," were shocked. Said the Socialist daily *Davar*: "The doctors' action is unprecedented and conflicts with all ethical principles of the medical profession." And nobody jumped harder on them than Histadrut, the high temple of militant trade unionism. It suspended the doctors' trade-union membership and summoned them before its court of honor for breach of discipline. At week's end the doctors were chipping ten pounds apiece into a defense fund and girding themselves for a do-or-die strike scheduled for June 1.

TB: Then & Now

When 100 physicians, nurses and public-health workers met in Atlantic City, N.J. half a century ago to found the National Tuberculosis Association, the "white plague" was the No. 1 cause of death in the U.S. Each year it killed 188 out of every 100,000 people. Though Robert Koch had isolated the bacillus, little was known about how it infected mankind, or why the disease pursued such various courses. There was no vaccination against it and no drug treatment; X rays for diagnosis were still primitive, and medical thinking was full of superstitions about "hereditary taint." The cure consisted of raw eggs, milk and dry mountain air.

Last week, as 3,000 delegates (among them, half a dozen of the founders) gathered in Atlantic City for the 50th anniversary meeting of the N.T.A., the TB picture seemed radically different. The disease has slid from first to ninth place among causes of U.S. deaths, and the rate has dropped to 16 per 100,000. There is a vaccine, BCG (Bacillus of Calmette

and Guérin), which is fairly effective under some conditions. There are at least three wonder drugs—isoniazid, streptomycin & PAS—which can arrest a majority of TB infections, if not cure them. And with the aid of these drugs, daring surgery can save many patients.

No Back Pats. Much of this progress is due to the activities of the N.T.A., the first national organization in which doctors and laymen combined to fight a single disease, and to its 3,000 local chapters and two affiliates, the American Trudeau Society (for physicians) and the National Conference of Tuberculosis Workers. Supported by sales of Christmas seals (\$23 million worth last year), they



BACTERIOLOGIST DUBOS
Success can be dangerous.

have spread the gospel that TB is, in the main, a preventable disease, that no effort should be spared to detect it early, and that treatment must be prompt. But last week's conferees were in no mood to write off the job as done.

Paradoxically, past successes have left the TB fighter a more difficult task for the future. Replacing widespread fear of the disease today are signs of a dangerous public complacency. Each year TB still takes 25,000 lives and strikes 110,000 fresh U.S. victims. For an estimated 400,000 who have the disease in active form, the annual cost is at least \$600 million.

Many Unknowns. Researchers reported many promising new things for the continuing fight against TB: a drug which is related to isoniazid, and looks just as good; a powdered extract of bacilli to make a vaccine which compares with BCG; better understanding of the need for vitamins A and C in treating patients. But the dominant tone of the meetings was a harshly realistic note sounded by

the Rockefeller Institute's famed Bacteriologist René Jules Dubos.

To his mind, it is of utmost importance to learn more about the fundamentals; how tuberculosis gets its start, and the factors which determine whether the victim will have a mild infection or "galloping consumption." Too little is still known, he complains, of the life processes of the bacillus or the mechanics of its virulence. And, amid its obvious ravages, no man can say why so many people enjoy a high degree of natural immunity to its invasion.

Says he: "The study of tuberculosis . . . now lags several decades behind that of many other human infections."

Soul for Dinner

Candlelight, flowers and wine at mealtime are good for the stomach as well as the soul. Aside from their esthetic value, they lead to proper eating habits and good digestion, reported Chicago Physiologist Frederic Theodore Jung in *Today's Health*.

Mealtimes should be pleasant and should not be "misused for the reporting of symptoms, the airing of grievances or the transaction of disagreeable business," wrote Dr. Jung. "Physiologists have [measured] the increase in the rate of secretion of saliva when food is being enjoyed, and have been able to show that the secretion of digestive juices in the stomach is affected in the same way. It pays to have an atmosphere of security and quiet at mealtime. Contentment favors normal digestion . . . Sometimes, it is better to eat alone in peace than to sit where one must listen to the complaints of dyspeptics about their food."

Capsules

¶ After a panel of chest surgeons and physicians in Atlantic City, N.J. had reached substantial agreement that there is some connection between heavy cigarette smoking and lung cancer, Boston's Dr. Richard Overholt asked whether any of the doctors was so convinced that he was ready to swear off smoking. Not a hand was raised.

¶ When Wayne Sturdevant, 37, was shot during an argument, the bullet lodged in a heart cavity. As a surgeon at Seattle's Swedish Hospital was removing it, the bullet slipped from his forceps and traveled down a large vein, against the blood flow, into the abdomen. So the surgeons sewed up the heart and chest, and within 20 minutes, opened the abdomen. This time they got the bullet. Sturdevant was making a good recovery last week from the shooting and both operations.

¶ As the triple-threat leaves of poison ivy sprouted furiously over most of the U.S., Ayerst Laboratories began distributing a protective cream, Kerodex, which has saved gangs of railroad section workers from the itch. For both prevention and treatment of ivy poisoning, the National Lead Co. was boosting Zotox, in which an oxide of the wonder metal zirconium neutralizes the irritating factor urushiol.

* All on salary: 400 employed by the government, 1,500 by the trade unions' Kupat Holim (sick fund), 300 by Hadassah.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Steel at Bat

For five months U.S. Steel Chairman Benjamin F. Fairless and David J. McDonald, boss of the C.I.O. United Steelworkers Union, have been hard at work understanding each other's problems. Taking time from their jobs, they made two- or three-day tours of some 40 steel plants together, talked to everyone from shop foremen to open-hearth workers, and got along famously. Last week in Pittsburgh, McDonald, who looks more like a corporation tycoon than Ben Fairless himself, presented his union's wage demands to U.S. Steel. Ben Fairless got a rude surprise. The demands were far stiffer than expected.

Before getting down to specifics, the union's 50-man negotiating board brought up unemployment. It reported that some 16% of the industry's 1,200,000 workers in the U.S. are out of jobs, and asked Big Steel to boost production. Though the steel operating rate has been rising in recent weeks (current rate: 70%), the union talked "crisis," proposed "a six-hour day with eight-hour pay." That out of the way, the union laid out sweeping proposals adding up to an estimated 50¢-an-hour increase.* Items:

¶ A full union shop and a general wage boost.

¶ Bigger pensions (up from \$100 a month to between \$170 and \$185 for workers retiring at 65 after 25 years of service) and a health program which would in-

* General Electric this week offered its employees a 5¢-an-hour increase. In Detroit 1,250,000 C.I.O. United Auto Workers will take an automatic 1¢-an-hour pay cut because of a drop in living costs in April.



BOEING'S CRIPPLED 707
More damage to pride than plane.

N. R. Fairman—Life

crease sick benefits from \$26 a week for 26 weeks to \$50. Every worker would get a \$5,000 life-insurance policy and complete hospitalization.

¶ A guaranteed annual wage to give every laid-off worker a weekly paycheck equal to 32 times his hourly pay rate, e.g., \$70.40 a week for a worker making \$2.20 an hour v. the \$88 he would earn in a normal 40-hour week.

U.S. Steel promptly called a two-week recess to study the proposals. Chairman Fairless, who himself took a slight pay cut (from \$261,200 to \$258,000) last year, said that he wanted to settle peacefully and quickly. But falling demand has forced Big Steel and the rest of the industry to cut output in 1954, and they are in no mood to shoulder heavy additional costs. The Steelworkers themselves were not talking strike. Said a union spokesman: "These are things we have outlined for discussion . . . That does not necessarily mean that it is our price for industrial peace."

AVIATION

Wounded Fledgling

Boeing Airplane Co.'s engineers lined the runway at their Renton, Wash. plant one sunny day last week to see their swept-wing 707, the first U.S. jet tanker-transport, get ready for her maiden flight. As they watched, Chief Test Pilot Tex Johnson gunned the four engines from an idling whine to a full roar, let the big jet sweep down the runway at 80 m.p.h., then eased on the brakes to test the 95-ton plane's ground response. After the first ground run, Tex gave his opinion: "A lovely ship." But Tex spoke too soon. Taxing slowly after the fourth high-speed run, Johnson felt a shuddering lurch. Supports of the plane's left main landing gear buckled, ripped backward and up through the wing root. Boeing's bright hope sagged over on her left wing and lay there like a broken bird.

Fire trucks with foam crews screamed to the crippled plane. Said big Joe Donnelly, who had been construction superintendent on the 707 for two years: "Well, that's that." Then he shook himself and added definitely: "She's still a good airplane."

Actually, Boeing's pride was more damaged than its plane. Not a drop of fuel spilled from the wing tank; the basic wing structure was undamaged and the two under-slung engine nacelles appeared only scratched. But the maiden flight of the 707 would be delayed at least several weeks. The faulty landing gear would need careful study, perhaps even a complete redesign by Boeing's engineers. The left wing root and damaged flap would have to be repaired and the two left engines checked for damage.

Boeing, which had worked at fever pitch to push its sleek silver, yellow and brown plane into the air ahead of schedule, was stunned. But company engineers and officials could remember a far more serious accident that failed to stop another Boeing fledgling: on a test flight in 1935, Boeing's prototype B-17 Flying Fortress, which became the greatest European-theater bomber of World War II, crashed and burned.



U.S. STEEL'S FAIRLESS & STEELWORKERS' McDONALD
The moon was out of reach.

Associated Press

TIME CLOCK

MANAGEMENT

End of the Hatters' Mad

In Norwalk, Conn. ten months ago, 1,400 members of the A.F.L. Hatters Union struck, in support of a principle, against the Hat Corp. of America (Dobbs, Knox, Dunlap and Cavanagh hats). They insisted that no company has the right to move any of its operations to other parts of the country without an O.K. from its union. The hatters demanded a no-move clause in their contract; the company refused. The A.F.L. executive council backed up the union, decided to make the strike a test of the "runaway shop" issue.

Last week, after three days of conferences in the chambers of Connecticut Judge Elmer W. Ryan, an agreement was finally worked out. The contract contained no promise that the company would not move. But in a letter to the local (not part of the contract and not binding on the company), President Frank H. James gave his assurance that Norwalk would continue to be the company's center of operations. To the men who had trod the bricks for ten months, it was a face-saving gesture—and a costly sop. During the strike the workers lost more than \$4,000,000 in wages, and the union went into debt by floating a \$500,000 bond issue to support the strikers. Meanwhile, the company completed a move of its straw-hat division to Winchester, Tenn. and will open a new plant in Nevada, Me.

The Fringe on Top

Time was when a payroll amounted to no more than what a company paid its workers at the end of the week. Today, what with pensions, social security, insurance premiums and a host of other fringe benefits, there is a big payroll cost piled on top of the wages themselves. Just how big it is was reported last week by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which studied 1953 fringe payments by 529 firms (each with 500 or more employees). From its sample the chamber put the total cost of fringe benefits for all U.S. companies at nearly \$25 billion a year. Average cost a company: 19.7% of the payroll, or almost \$1 for every \$5 paid in wages.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Yankee Dollar, Go Home

Britain, which had to devalue its currency in 1949 to encourage the inflow of dollars, has decided that dollars are no longer needed so badly. Last fortnight the Bank of England put an end to a special inducement for foreign capital by cutting the discount rate (at which it lends money to private banks) from a relatively high 3½% to 3%. Last week West Germany's central bank followed suit. The effect was to reduce the interest that dollars (and other currencies) can earn by going

AUTO SALES have dipped sharply in May despite predictions of a warm-weather pickup, but production still shows no signs of slowing down. New-car sales for the first ten days totaled only 140,000 units, down 11% from April and 20% below 1953. Dealer stocks of unold new cars have now reached 660,000 units, almost 50% higher than a year ago.

CIGARETTE SMOKING is still dropping, and tobacco men have cut production to keep level with sales. The Bureau of Internal Revenue, which uses its tax on manufacturers' shipments as a rough guide, reports that first-quarter production was down 10% (to 96.6 billion cigarettes) and consumption down 11% (to 87.9 billion) from 1953.

FOREIGN BUTTER PRODUCERS are up in arms against Agriculture Secretary Benson's plan to sell surplus U.S. butter overseas at low prices (42¢ to 47¢ a lb., v. about 58¢ in the U.S.). Both New Zealand and Australia, which export about 500 million lbs. of butter annually, have protested to the State Department that Benson's cut-rate prices constitute dumping. But Benson still plans to go ahead; in fact, he is adding surplus corn, barley, oats and rye to his cut-rate foreign offerings.

CONVAIR is hurrying work on a prototype supersonic heavy bomber, the B-58, which will look something like Convaire's F-102 interceptor, have delta wings and much higher speed than Boeing's eight-jet B-52 intercontinental bomber.

DEPLETION ALLOWANCE, which allows oilmen to put away 27½% of their gross oil and gas income tax-free (up to 50% of their net), will be continued as is. The Senate Finance Committee voted down a plan to chop the allowance to 15%.

BORG-WARNER's Norge Division, fifth biggest appliance maker (1953 sales: \$44.5 million), had a phenomenal 29% jump in sales in the first four months of 1954, is now looking

abroad. At the same time, the cut meant lower interest rates on British and West German commercial loans, thus more borrowing by domestic business for expansion and reconstruction.

This economic muscle-flexing in Britain and West Germany was no signal that the two countries' economic troubles are over. British businessmen can borrow money at rates considered normal, i.e., about 4% or 5%. But in West Germany the demand for reconstruction capital still so far outruns the supply that business must frequently pay as much as 8% or 10% in interest. Moreover, both countries still need U.S. economic help to keep their books in balance. But in view of dwindling U.S. aid, international bankers took heart last week at the growing signs of British and West German strength.

for a total 50% increase by year's end. Norge's prize product, its automatic washer, is up 40% (v. a 10% jump for the industry); and a newly designed refrigerator has zoomed 186.4% over 1953.

RUSSIAN-BRITISH TRADE has taken a big jump. After nine months of negotiations and numerous trips to Moscow, a group of British machine makers have landed the biggest single order placed in Britain by the Reds since World War II. Products: wool and cotton textile machinery. Price: \$20 million. Final delivery: 1956.

STOCK-MARKET TRADING is relatively light compared to 1928 despite the market's spectacular rise. Wall Street's 2,000,000-share daily volume is close to what it was in 1928, but U.S. companies now have four times as much stock (3 billion shares) outstanding, of which only 1% is traded in a month's time, v. 11% at the peak of the 1928 market.

GILLETTE'S TONI division, which started the home-permanent fad, is expanding into cosmetics. First product will be a smear-proof lipstick called "Viv," which Toni will launch with a \$5,000,000 ad campaign. Other products to follow: cleansing cream and hand lotion.

SOCIAL SECURITY may not be far off. The House Ways & Means Committee voted to extend compulsory coverage to self-employed professional people, farmers, state and local government employees, etc., thus bring all but about 2,600,000 migrant farm workers, the armed forces and civil-service workers under the social security system.

TITANIUM, now reserved almost exclusively for military use, will soon be coming more freely into the civilian market. The Government has just authorized titanium mills to set aside 10% of their monthly production for civilian manufacturers so that the industry can explore peacetime markets for the light, tough wonder metal.

Not a Cough in a Carload

In Johannesburg last week, Judge Henry John Clayden convened the Witwatersrand division of South Africa's Supreme Court for one important minute—just long enough to hand down a copy of his lengthy (100,000 words) decision in the longest (\$85 days) civil suit, awarding the largest damages (\$1,600,000) in South African legal history.

The expensive quarrel was between South Africa's two big tobacco companies, International Tobacco Co. Ltd. and United Tobacco Companies (South) Ltd. It began in 1949, when International's Max cigarettes were a growing favorite among South Africa's urban Negroes. Suddenly, sales began to fall off. International investigators discovered that United was

THE HOUSING PROGRAM

Will Congress Gut It?

FEW Government ventures have done more for the U.S. family and the U.S. economy than the federal housing program. By guaranteeing mortgages and keeping interest rates low, it has helped build 4,450,000 housing units and kindled the great growth of the housing industry. Last year this industry accounted for 7% of the gross national product, directly provided jobs for 2,200,000 carpenters, painters, plumbers and other well-paid workers. Indirectly, it provided work for many more, since new houses swell the demand for washing machines, TV sets, carpets, sofas, etc. Against the 1953-54 recession, housing stood as a bulwark. But now Congress threatens to gut the housing program.

Keystone of the program is the Federal Housing Administration, set up by the New Deal in depression-ridden 1934 to encourage housing loans by insuring mortgages. Not only has FHA helped millions build and repair their homes; it has not cost taxpayers a cent, even made \$91.9 million last year. President Eisenhower asked Congress to expand and strengthen the housing program. But when scandal suddenly broke out in the FHA last April, congressional clamor arose for safeguards. Now, under the guise of cleaning up FHA, Congress is falling short on Eisenhower's housing program.

The President asked for a broad program to rehabilitate run-down neighborhoods by extending FHA's favorable terms for new-house loan insurance to loans for purchase of old houses. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee turned him down. Eisenhower asked Congress to free Government interest rates on housing. Again, the committee turned him down. Dumped also were Eisenhower's trial plan to substitute low-cost homeownership (with 40-year mortgages fully insured) for subsidized public housing, and his plan to lift the ceiling on FHA home-repair loans from \$2,500 to \$3,000. Even the parts of the Eisenhower program that have been generally approved in committee—e.g., a temporary continuation of public housing, FHA guarantees for bigger loans, lower down payments and 30-year mortgages on new houses—still face stiff floor battles in the Senate and House.

Before the FHA and the rest of the national housing program took effect, foreclosures on home mortgages were commonplace. In 1933 some 252,400 U.S. families lost their homes because they could not pay off their debt. To buy a house in those days, a man might

need half the price for a down payment, often had to take out first, second and third mortgages at up to 10% interest. By its insurance guarantees, FHA brought about the national pattern of liberal, single-mortgage financing at low interest rates. Now a man can buy an \$8,000 house with \$1,600 down and 20 years to pay, at 4½% interest. Result: an estimated 60% of U.S. families own their homes today v. 44% in 1940. Mortgage foreclosures have dropped (only 21,000 in 1953). A generation ago, the average man was 48 before he bought a house; today he is 31.

But there is still a big job to be done. According to the 1950 census, at least 15 million U.S. houses (out of a total 46 million) are dilapidated, located in slum areas, or lack inside plumbing. Some city-planning experts estimate that the U.S. must build from 2,000,000 to 2,400,000 new houses a year for the next 20 years v. 1,000,000 starts expected in 1954. Otherwise, there will be more slums in 1970 than there are today.

Now that the facts of the FHA scandals are being unraveled, it turns out that a handful of unethical promoters took advantage of the postwar housing shortage—and a loosely written law—to profiteer off FHA's loan programs. Since FHA would insure mortgages up to 90% of the estimated cost of building new apartments, some builders simply jacked up the estimates they took to the bank and came out with more mortgage money than they actually needed to build. They then pocketed the difference—sometimes millions—and paid off the banks from rents based on the excessive mortgages. The home-repair loan racket was practiced by high-pressure salesmen who persuaded homeowners to take out FHA-insured loans for such "improvements" as dog kennels, swimming pools and barbecue pits. Often the salesman conned the homeowner into signing everything—including a certificate of completion. The salesman could then take the certificate to the local bank, pick up the construction money and skip to another town.

But measured against FHA's accomplishments, the damage has been slight. Most losses have been borne by deceived homeowners and apartment dwellers. Loopholes in the old housing laws need closing to prevent more million-dollar rake-offs, for a prosperous housing industry has become as much a matter for public concern as a prosperous agriculture.

hiring Negro rumormongers, who were going into beer halls and factories and spreading the word that Maxes were made by an *apartheid* (i.e., Jim Crow) company. What was more, said the paid detractors, Maxes caused coughing and tuberculosis. In May 1953, International sent its lawyers to court seeking \$8,400,000 damages.

In his decision last week, Judge Clayden found all United's propaganda false. International is not an *apartheid* company, and as for Maxes, there was not a cough in a carload.

THE FUTURE

Electrified

In ten years' time, the gadget-laden U.S. householder will be able to do almost everything but change the baby with the flick of a switch. So predicted General Electric's Vice President W. V. O'Brien last week. Electronic devices will thaw frozen foods, cook them in a matter of minutes or seconds; electric incinerators will burn up the waste. Heat pumps (for both heating and cooling homes) will mushroom from the few thousand now in use to 500,000. There will be television screens that hang like pictures on the wall, connected to the set only by a thin wire.

The coming of such new devices will not hold back the spread of older gadgets and conveniences, said O'Brien. Refrigerators, now nearing the saturation point in homes (90%), will approach 100%; use of electric ranges and water heaters will almost double; home freezers will triple; clothes dryers will nearly quintuple; room air conditioners will increase elevenfold, and television receivers will go up from 28 million to 66 million, of which 44 million will be color sets.

In the next decade, O'Brien predicted, the electrical industry will sell as much equipment as it has in its entire 75-year history. And the average family's investment in electric appliances, now \$1,300, will soar to \$5,000.

INSURANCE

Texas' Frauds & Failures

Texas, which places a premium on superlatives, has the worst insurance laws in the nation. Because of poor enforcement, anybody in the state who can get a short-term loan for \$10,000 can start an insurance company. There is nothing to prevent a promoter from writing up his assets far beyond actual value and, on this inflated base, selling stock and insurance. By such devices he can build a company up from nothing, sell out and take a capital gain. For these reasons Texas now has 1,884 insurance companies, more than all other states combined, and insurance is the state's second biggest business (after oil). Many of the promoters, for lack of a better corporate name, borrow a respected one from Britain: Lloyd's. In the last 16 months ten Texas insurance companies have gone broke; others are tottering. Last week, to nobody's great surprise, the Texas insurance mess was finally cracked wide open. District attorneys from four

Whoever You Are . . . Whatever Your Business . . . An R/M Product Touches Your Life



FOR COOL COMFORT WHEN THE CITY SWELTERS—R/M V-BELTS

When the sidewalks sizzle in summer heat, R/M V-Belts help keep you cool and comfortable. Modern air-conditioning units—driven by these famous V-belts—serve up just the weather you want. Wherever there's heat to beat or humidity to control, you'll find Raybestos-Manhattan belts at work—in industrial plants, homes, stores, and office buildings—or driving compressors that freeze or refrigerate food. You'll find them too, in every industry, on all kinds of belt-driven machinery—crushers, mixers, looms, lathes, pumps, presses. And in modern

agriculture they find wide use on all types of equipment—from automatic balers to huge combines. For R/M specializes in smooth-running, long-lasting V-belts, as well as flat belts and conveyor belts for every type of job. These products, however, only suggest R/M's specialized skills. Throughout industry and in your home, your life is touched by hundreds of products made in R/M's seven great plants and laboratories. If you have problems involving asbestos, rubber, engineered plastic, or sintered metal products, call in an R/M representative.



Textile men throughout the industry like and rely on R/M V-Belts because of their stretch-resisting, load-supporting qualities. Many of the fabrics in your clothing and in your home were spun and loamed on machines driven by R/M V-Belts.



In mining and industry world-wide, R/M V-Belts are specified for such varied applications as coal crushers and dryers, oil drilling units, drop-forge hammers. They are selected for the toughest service on hundreds of types of belt-driven machinery.



Preferred for their long life and dependability, R/M V-Belts and Flat Transmission Belts are the result of over 60 years' experience in belt engineering and manufacture. R/M Belts are found wherever there's belt-driven machinery.



Brake Linings, Brake Blocks and Clutch Facings



Mechanical Packings and Gaskets



Abrasive and Diamond Wheels



Conveyor Belts



Industrial Hose



Rubber Lined and Covered Equipment



Asbestos Textiles

RAYBESTOS-MANHATTAN, INC.

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

Raybestos ... Condor • MANHATTAN ... *Grey-Rock*

SPECIALISTS IN ASBESTOS, RUBBER, SINTERED METAL, ENGINEERED PLASTICS



Other R/M Products:

Engineered Plastic Products • Fan Belts and Radiator Hose • Bowling Balls
Other Industrial Rubber

Factories:

Passaic, N.J. • Bridgeport, Conn.
Manheim, Pa. • No. Charleston, S.C.
Crawfordsville, Ind. • Neenah, Wis.
Peterborough, Ontario, Canada



COLD-ROLL-FORMING



• fastest,
• simplest,
most economical

In the assembly of your products, to the wide extent that cold-roll-formed components can be used, substantial economies can be effected.

A Yoder Cold-Roll-Forming Machine with one operator and a helper will make upwards of 30,000 feet per day. Thus the cost usually is only a small fraction of a cent per foot for converting strip into structural shapes, trim, mouldings, panels, tubular or box shapes.

The machine may, therefore, be highly profitable even if operated only a few days per month. After you install it for a given purpose, you are likely to discover other things which can be done better and more cheaply on it than by methods heretofore employed.

You may also find it practical to combine other operations with cold-forming, such as curving, coiling, embossing, welding, perforating, notching, etc., at little or no extra labor cost. Yoder engineers are always glad to assist in making up such multi-function production lines.

The Yoder Book on Cold-Roll-Forming is a valuable source of information on the scope, mechanics and economics of the art. Send for free copy.

THE YODER COMPANY
5534 Walworth Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio



counties called for criminal prosecutions of get-rich-quick insurance promoters.

Storm No. 1. The storm first struck when the State Insurance Commission disclosed that Houston's big, two-year-old Lloyd's of North America was operating at a \$427,000 deficit. After looking into Lloyd's books, the commission decided that the company had been "utterly and hopelessly insolvent from its inception." It found that Ralph W. Hammonds, an ex-Olympic wrestler (1928), had borrowed \$20,000 to start Lloyd's, added \$20,000 of his own, sold more than 30,000 policies his first year, and paid back his loan with part of the \$1,700,000 he collected in premiums. The commission also charged that Hammonds had included \$5,750 of real estate in his assets and written it up to \$42,000.

Ex-Wrestler Hammonds, it turned out, paid John Van Cronkhite, Governor Allan Shivers' last campaign manager, \$1,000 a month for advice on "public relations," Hammonds said he hired Van Cronkhite at the suggestion of Governor Shivers' executive assistant. Van Cronkhite was to "keep cordial relations with the State Insurance Commission," said Hammonds, and everything went along fine until Van Cronkhite wanted \$2,000 a month. Denying that he had peddled influence, Van Cronkhite said: "I got sucked in . . . As soon as I found out what the situation was . . . I got out."

Storm No. 2. Hardly had the dust settled when a storm broke around another big company, the bankrupt Texas Mutual Co. Two appeals court justices accused Texas Mutual of "Ponzi-like manipulations" and called the State Insurance Commission guilty of "fraud if not criminal laxity" for not doing anything about it. Texas Mutual was organized in 1949 by Leslie Lowry, ex-mayor of Beaumont (ousted by recall), and his brother Paul. They started with \$500 of their own cash and \$19,500 borrowed. To expand their assets, said the court, the Lowry boys bought (with notes, no cash) a shabby, one-story building in Beaumont for \$100,000, had three friends appraise it for \$436,000.

The Lowrys then had State Senator William T. Moore, their attorney, who was also chairman of the senate insurance committee in the last legislature (which blocked reforms in Texas insurance laws), present the \$436,000 appraisal to the insurance commission. Over a three-year period, Texas Mutual paid State Senator Moore \$13,000. A state insurance examiner, said the court, performed "a specter of an audit" on Texas Mutual books but found nothing wrong, and the examiner later received \$300 in cash from Paul Lowry. When Texas Mutual failed last year, it brought down three other Lowry insurance companies with it. Texas Mutual alone wrote 38,000 policies, and now it owes \$1,200,000 on 1,600 claims.

Storm No. 3. The third storm broke around two El Paso firms, United Lloyd's and United World Life. At the companies' bankruptcy suit, it developed that ex-Texan Spencer L. Treharne (who is now



Felder

PRESSAGENT VAN CRONKHITE

From an ex-wrestler, \$1,000 a month.

living in New Mexico) got his license to start United Lloyd's on \$55,000 borrowed from an El Paso bank and \$5,000 of his own. The suit brought out that Treharne also took over a piece of real estate his father had just bought for \$30,000 and wrote it up to \$322,000. United Lloyd's wound up broke and about \$450,000 in debt.

By week's end, State Senator Moore was scheduled to appear before a state bar committee to explain his Texas Mutual dealings. Governor Shivers investigated Van Cronkhite and announced that his ex-campaign manager had indeed been "sucked in" by Lloyd's of North America, would not be campaign manager this year. Shivers then swiped at the Texas insur-



Roland Chatham

STATE SENATOR MOORE
For services rendered, \$13,000.

ance industry and their manipulation of the legislature. Said the governor: "Too often the insurance companies in Texas have been too interested in using their legislative influence to run competitors out of business rather than to run abuses out of the business."

COMMODITIES

Price Insurance

For years grain, cotton and other commodity men have had a neat device to hedge themselves against violent ups and downs in prices. It is the futures market, in which they can buy and sell commodities for delivery months in advance. Last week dealers in two other products subject to roller-coaster price swings were busy setting up futures markets of their own. In Florida citrus men laid plans for a futures market in booming citrus concentrates, whose prices fluctuate as much as 60% in a season. In Chicago a futures market in scrap iron and steel will open late this summer at the huge Mercantile Exchange, where \$1.3 billion worth of farm products are now sold each year. Eventually, metalmen hope to trade up to 24,000 tons of scrap iron and steel a day.

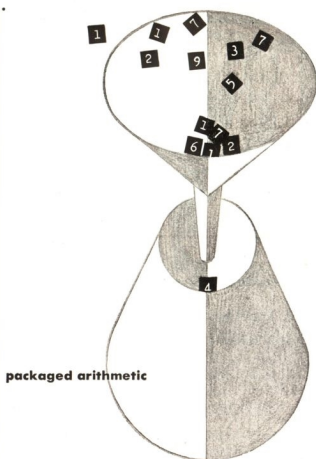
PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Whitley Collins, 56, a tireless, hard-driving financial expert, was elected president of Northrop Aircraft, Inc., maker of the F-89D Scorpion, all-weather, rocket-armed interceptor. Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce. Collins started as a banker, was a vice president and general manager of Lockheed Aircraft Corp. by the time he was 31. Today he is still a partner of the Collins-Powell Co., an aircraft-parts sales organization he founded in 1931; president of the Radioplane Co., which he founded in 1938 and which now makes target drones as a Northrop subsidiary; and chairman of the Holga Metal Products Co. (steel filing cabinets) of Van Nuys, Calif. A Northrop director since 1952, when Radioplane merged with the company, Collins replaces the late Major General Oliver P. Echols, USAF (ret.).

¶ Joel Hunter, 48, moved up from executive vice president to president of Crucible Steel Co. of America, producer of high-quality alloys. Son of a Georgia C.P.A., Hunter took over his father's accounting firm in 1928, later merged it with Haskins & Sells of Manhattan, auditors for Crucible. In his spare time ("I really haven't any"), Hunter likes to golf (around 100) and to "mosey around" his six-acre Sewickley, Pa. estate. He replaces William P. Snyder Jr., who will continue as a member of Crucible's executive committee and board of directors.

¶ Joseph B. Ely, 73, onetime governor of Massachusetts (1931-35) and a longtime Al Smith Democrat, was elected president of American Woolen Co. of Boston. Ely succeeds Francis W. White, who remains as a director of the company. Ely's job is temporary. If stockholders approve a pro-



packaged arithmetic

Olivetti offers a proved way to increased figure-work efficiency: "packaged arithmetic," provided by the Olivetti Fully Automatic Printing Calculator. Hand this all-purpose machine any problem in business arithmetic. It performs all calculations automatically, hands back all the details of the problem, plus the answer, neatly "packaged" on a printed tape.

The only fully automatic printing calculator, it automatically multiplies and divides, is also a complete 10-key adding machine with direct subtraction. Versatility and speed make Olivetti's "packaged arithmetic" ideally suited to many business operations. Because of the machine's unusual dependability, the cost of an annual service contract is the lowest in the industry. More than 10,000 U. S. firms today use Olivetti Fully Automatic Printing Calculators, sold and serviced by over 400 dealers. Immediate delivery. For information, write Dept. BC, Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

olivetti





Little Buttercup was no ball of fire...

Just the best utility steno we could afford for fifty per. One day the Bossman figured on his slipstick, that with Social Security, typewriter depreciation and overhead—Little B's production would bill at beefsteak prices!

"Wish we could do something," he said, "so she wouldn't have to make all those extra copies."

By golly, he did—a Bambino!

THE BAMBINO is the new small Ozalid® copying machine for office use.

Little larger than a typewriter, the Bambino copies anything typed, written, printed or drawn on translucent paper up to nine inches in width, and any length. Needs no plates, stencils, carbons, inks, chemical solutions. Can be used by anybody.

The Bambino is fast, makes up to 200 copies per hour! And low cost—copies a letter for less than two cents! Soon pays for itself in even a small office by saving time now spent in tedious copying and typing. Modestly priced, too, at \$410.

Call the Ozalid office or distributor (see phone book) for a demonstration. Or write for free brochure—to 61 Ozaway, Johnson City, New York.

OZALID—A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation . . . From Research to Reality
In Canada, Hughes Owens Company, Ltd., Montreal

OZALID
... THE Bambino ...
copying machine for the office



posed merger with New England's Bachmann-Uxbridge Worsted Corp., Bachmann-Uxbridge President Harold Walter will take over on June 28.

¶ Fred Pabst, 84, retired as chairman of the board of Milwaukee's Pabst Brewing Co., leaving the company without a Pabst as an officer for the first time in 88 years. Remaining as president is Harris Perlstein, 61, a chemical engineer whose skill and foresight taught the industry that uniform beer could be brewed at widely separated points, and who made Pabst ("What'll You Have?") Blue Ribbon the leader in the move toward coast-to-coast distribution of beer.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Disassembly Line. The Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Co., which operates tubes under the Hudson River, installed a passenger conveyor belt (first in the U.S.) in one of its Jersey City stations. The 5½-ft.-wide rubber and canvas belt will be switched on to carry Jersey commuters (4,000 an hour) up a 227-ft.-long 10% grade at 1½ m.p.h. Cost: \$75,000.

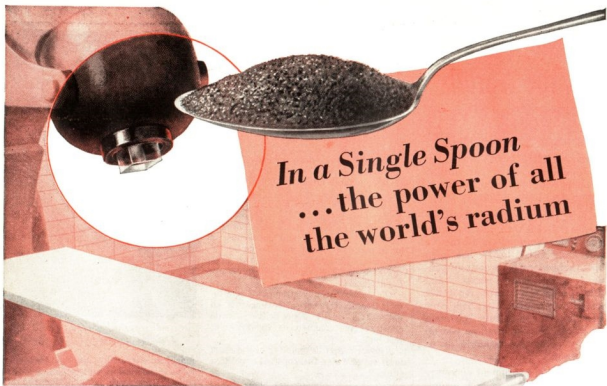
Built-In Toothpaste. A toothbrush with dentifrice-coated nylon bristles was announced by Buffalo's Disposable Tooth Brush, Inc. Dentifrice lasts through only one brushing, but brush can be used again. Sealed in plastic, brush is designed for sale by vending machines and complimentary distribution by hotels and airlines. Price: 15¢.

Dust Must. A home air purifier that uses static electricity to attract and trap pollen, dust and smoke particles was brought out by Raytheon Mfg. Co. of Waltham, Mass. Modeled after Raytheon's static machines that sterilize medical laboratories, the Micronaire room cleaner sucks air in with a fan and passes it over electrically charged metal plates to which dust clings. Purifier requires no installation, rolls on casters and plugs into a standard outlet. Price: \$229.

Concerts by the Yard. Hi-fi music on magnetic tape was put on sale by Webster-Chicago Corp. Sales of such tapes have been small because reels could only be recorded a few at a time. But Webster-Chicago has found a way to mass-produce taped music. First tunes: folk songs, popular ballads, light classics. Prices: \$8 for half an hour, \$12 for an hour.

Cooler by a Shade. An aluminum backing for regular window shades was readied for market by Chicago's Magic Shade Aluminum Corp. When attached to ordinary shades and rolled down, the aluminum backstop deflects 80% of sun's rays. Price: \$1.98.

Fever Chart. An electronic clinical thermometer that tells body temperature in five seconds, accurate to 1/10 of a degree, was put on sale by Micron Engineering Co. of Nyack, N.Y. A glass rod, which is used like an ordinary thermometer, takes temperature by transmitting current from a flashlight battery through metal oxides that conduct electricity in precise ratio to body heat. Price: \$89.50.



***In a Single Spoon
...the power of all
the world's radium***

So terrifyingly powerful is Cobalt 60—radio-active offspring of the atom bomb and great new weapon in the fight against cancer—that a single spoonful produces as much radiation as all the radium in the world.

And Cobalt 60 is but one of many radio-active isotopes, spawned by the Atomic Age, that offer benefits and advances in medicine, industry and agriculture. Realization of these promises depends in part on development of economical and versatile materials for shielding the "hot" isotopes.

One such material is Mallory 1000 Metal, a high density alloy of tungsten, nickel and copper that has already proved itself a highly effective shield for "containing" deadly radiation.

Requiring far less space than other shielding materials, Mallory 1000 also is easily machined to almost any size or shape and thus lends itself

to a wide range of applications... storage containers for isotopes... reactor shields... oil well loggers... medical equipment... many kinds of meters and instruments.

Because of its high density and machinability, Mallory 1000 is widely used in gyroscope rotors and in counterbalances where great weight is required in small space.

It is a unique and versatile product—typical of the precision quality of all Mallory products in the fields of electronics, electrochemistry and specialized metallurgy.

MALLORY

SERVING INDUSTRY WITH THESE PRODUCTS:

Electromechanical • Resistors, Switches, Television Tuners, Vibrators
Electrochemical • Capacitors, Rectifiers, Mercury Batteries
Metallurgical • Contacts, Special Metals and Ceramics, Welding Materials

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc., INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

The Most Imitated Motion Picture in the World!

CINERAMA

Ever since CINERAMA burst on the entertainment scene it has thrilled audiences with its amazing ability to put you right in the picture.

However, like all history making discoveries CINERAMA has had imitators. But imitations are all they've been. Only CINERAMA has been able to achieve such a wondrous panorama of eye-filling spectacle and wide-spread adventure. No other form of entertainment has been able to encompass you so fully, surround you so realistically, swallow you up into the action so astoundingly as CINERAMA.

But the special equipment necessary to accomplish this is of such magnitude that CINERAMA will never be shown in your local or neighborhood theatre.

You Can Only See

CINERAMA

In These Thirteen Theatres...

Boston, Mass. Boston Theatre	Philadelphia, Pa. Boyd Theatre
Chicago, Ill. Eitel's Palace Theatre	Pittsburgh, Pa. Warner Theatre
Detroit, Mich. Music Hall Theatre	San Francisco, Calif. Orpheum Theatre
Hollywood, Calif. Warner Theatre	St. Louis, Mo. Ambassador Theatre
New York, N. Y. Warner Theatre	Washington, D. C. Warner Theatre
Minneapolis, Minn. Century Theatre	Cincinnati, Ohio Capitol Theatre
Dallas, Texas Dallas Theatre	(Opens June 21st)

THIS IS

CINERAMA

Print by TECHNICOLOR

A Lowell Thomas-Merian C. Cooper Presentation
If you live near any of the above theatres, or if you'll be travelling their way this summer, treat yourself to CINERAMA — the only really new wonder of the entertainment world. You'll be glad you did!

Watch for Cinerama's second production
"CINERAMA HOLIDAY"
Produced by the renowned Louis De Rochemont, it's a thrilling, different story of romance and adventure being filmed right now against the colorful, exciting background of the world's most famed cities!

RADIO & TELEVISION

Easy on the Drawback

If cigarettes were as irritating as cigarette commercials, the nation might turn to chewing tobacco. Last week the advertising and sales weekly *Tide* polled 2,200 advertising executives for their opinions on TV plugs. Of 100 commercials listed, the seven most objectionable, agreed the admen, were cigarette spiels. Typical comments:

Philip Morris: "Both unbelievable and unconvincing; too brassy; the announcer and Johnny just irritate hell out of me..."

Lucky Strike: "They insult my intelligence; too smug..."

Kent: "Too long, grown stale through repetition; hysterical and suspicious; a lot of pseudo-scientific mumbo-jumbo."

Camel: "Exaggerated claims, with gross wording; lack believability and insult my intelligence."

Old Gold: "An oily attempt to be ethical; treat instead of a treatment is an out-of-date pitch; poor delivery, little effort to give commercials any prestige; just bunk."

Kools: "Negative flaunting of the chain in front of face; the constant repetition stinks."

Pall Mall: "Stupid, too long, repetitions; tiresome and unconvincing."

The Idea Business

In Hollywood last week, Radio-TV Producer John Guedel, a fast-moving mastermind of audience-participation shows, decided to switch his *People Are Funny* program from CBS to NBC. For this switch, John Guedel Productions gets \$3,200,000, and is thus assured a far bigger gross for 1954 than the \$5,000,000 it made last year.

Producer Guedel is a small, fast-talking man of 40 who conceals his balding head under an ill-fitting toupee, always carries around a battered leather pipe box (full of \$1 pipes) and a clipboard for recording his firecracker ideas. He calls each of his employees "vice president," likes to talk about his early years when he wrote glutinous radio shows for a fancy California cemetery. As a partner in John Guedel Productions (with M.C. Art Linkletter), Guedel has grown considerably in the industry since those days. For one thing, his programs are now much livelier; the biggest are Linkletter's *People Are Funny* and *House Party*, and Groucho Marx's *You Bet Your Life*.

Guedel has also become an expert on public taste. Says he: "Actually, your radio and TV audience is never bigger than five or six people. So what it amounts to is a visit to people's homes. And those people must want you to come back and visit them every week. There must be a communion." Explains Linkletter, who developed the *People Are Funny* show with Guedel: "We don't just get the people up there to make fools of them. We play on their emotions and try out their



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
PRODUCER GUEDEL

The audience is five or six.

judgment. Gradually, through the years, we've concentrated on people's character traits rather than just socking the audience with punishment."

Guedel, who claims to have thought up participation programs back in 1938 when he ran across a book on games, is always bursting with new program angles. The latest, *Earn Your Vacation*, started this week as a summer replacement on CBS-TV. Yet, with all the excitement of his current successes and prospects for the future, Guedel is disarmingly frank. "This is the only business," he says, "where you can make millions with nothing in the world but ideas."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 28, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

World We Live In (Fri. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Subject: creatures of the sea.

Sloan Safety Awards (Sun. 3:30 p.m., NBC). Bambi Linn and Rod Alexander illustrate how to drive safely.

Indianapolis Speedway Classic (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Highlights reported by Tom Hanlon.

President Eisenhower (Mon. 9:30 p.m., ABC & ABC-TV; 10:30, NBC and CBS Radio). "Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof," speaking at Columbia University's Bicentennial Dinner.

TELEVISION

Horse Racing (Sat. 4 p.m., CBS). Coaching Club American Oaks, from Belmont.

Mr. Peepers (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). On his honeymoon.

Colgate Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Martin & Lewis.

MILESTONES

Born. To Mario Lanza, 32, over-stuffed Hollywood tenor (*The Great Caruso*), and Betty Hicks Lanza, 31: their fourth child, second son; in Hollywood. Weight: 7 lbs. 5 oz.

Born. To Alvin Morell Bentley, 35, U.S. Representative from Michigan, worst-hit of five Congressmen wounded by Puerto Rican fanatics in the Capitol (*TIME*, March 8), now fully recovered; and his second wife, Arvella Ann Duescher Bentley, 30; their first child, a son; in Washington. Name: Clark Henry. Weight: 6 lbs. 13 oz.

Married. Wogan Philipps, 52, eldest son of Britain's millionaire Baron Milford and unsuccessful onetime (1950) Communist candidate for Parliament; and Tamara Rust, 40, widow of William Rust, longtime (1930-49) editor of London's Communist *Daily Worker*; he for the third time, she for the second; in London. When Philipps succeeds to his father's title, he will become the House of Lords' first Communist member, his wife the realm's first Communist peeress.

Divorced. Herbert ("Zeppo") Marx, 53, onetime straight man of Hollywood's four clowning Marx Brothers (*Animal Crackers*) who quit the quartet in 1934, became president of Norman Products, Inc. (machine parts); by Marion Miller Marx, 50; after 26 years of marriage, two children; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Louis Stark, 66, veteran New York *Times* newsmen, Pulitzer Prize-winning dean of U.S. labor reporters; of a heart ailment; in Manhattan.

Died. Andrew Frederick Wyles McNally, 67, chairman of the board of Rand McNally & Co., the world's largest map publishers; of a stroke; in Chicago.

Died. Fred Waller, 68, veteran Hollywood special-effects man, who after 13 years perfected Cinema in 1951, first showed it to the public in Manhattan 20 months ago (total box-office receipts to date: \$10 million); of Hodgkin's disease; in Huntington, N.Y.

Died. Charles Albert ("Chief") Bender, 71, famed Indian pitcher for the old Philadelphia Athletics, who helped his team win five American League pennants (1905, 1910-11, 1913-14), compiled a record of 206 victories and 111 defeats, last year was elected to baseball's Hall of Fame; of cancer; in Philadelphia.

Died. Charles Edward Ives, 79, successful, publicity-shy Manhattan insurance broker (Ives & Myrick) and long-obscure composer, whose intricate, highly original *Third Symphony* (written in 1911) won him belated popular recognition and a Pulitzer Prize in 1947; in Manhattan.

Fast, cool electric shaving no matter how hot the weather! That's what thousands of men now enjoy with this wonderful before-shave beard conditioner. Try it yourself—and see why they smile!



In Hot Weather

*get top performance from
your electric shaver*

Even in hot weather you'll get quick, comfortable electric shaving when you use this new *before-shave* beard conditioner.

Cooling, refreshing Letric Shave goes on like a lotion, *then* you shave! Note how it improves performance of your razor, no matter which brand it is. Feel how it speeds up shaving, cuts drag and discomfort—particularly for the man whose skin is dry and sensitive.

You get this amazing improvement in razor performance because Letric Shave instantly conditions your face for shaving with a remarkable three-way "setting-up" action:

1. It evaporates sticky, razor-clogging perspiration.
2. It lubricates your skin to eliminate "shaver drag" and to allow faster, cooler, more comfortable shaving—no matter how sticky the weather.
3. It makes your whiskers so soft your shaver can cut them off quickly, cleanly and closely . . . without a "miss" and without razor-burn.

And Letric Shave is good for your shaver, too! It lubricates the shaver's cutting head for faster, easier action. Helps beard in new razors, gives them longer life.

Try Letric Shave tomorrow. It's available at your nearest drugstore or toilet-goods counter—and it costs less

than a penny a shave! Only 59 cents, no U.S. tax, for the 3-oz. bottle—enough for 80 shaves.

Free! We want you to give this amazing beard conditioner a thorough trial because we're sure Letric Shave will make you so much happier with your electric shaver for years to come.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Three Coins in the Fountain (20th Century-Fox) is another CinemaScope travelogue—this time making a wide-screen tour through Italy. Completely dwarfed by spectacular shots of Venice, Tivoli and Rome is a feeble little plot about a trio of American girls who spend a tedious 102 minutes getting their men: Dorothy McGuire wins Novelist Clifton Webb (wearing a henna rinse); sultry Jean Peters gets a sure-enough Italian, Rossano Brazzi; Maggie McNamara captures Prince Charming in the person of Louis Jourdan. Why any of the six is so set on marrying any of the others is never satisfactorily explained.

Hollywood should re-examine the film before exporting it to Europe, where it may set back Western amity by 20 years. Two of the girls work as secretaries in a U.S. Government agency which, as a matter of policy, seems to regard most Italians as strictly colonial inferiors. When Actress Peters starts to run around with Actor Brazzi, who plays a lowly Italian translator, her boss and his wife react as if they were bound on miscegenation in the Deep South. But the film is pretty, even if peopled by dunces.

The French Line (RKO Radio) is long on notoriety and short on entertainment. It begins with a tame striptease by Jane Russell (she ducks behind furniture as she takes it off) and closes with a bump-and-grind dance that shocked both the Breen office and the Legion of Decency,



JANE RUSSELL

Between two low points, a question.

though it is more notable for poor taste than salaciousness. These two low points of the picture are connected by a limp story line that once again asks the burning question: How can a U.S. millionheiress be sure that she is loved for herself and not for her millions? Gilbert Roland supplies the answer with a French accent.

Man with a Million (Rank; United Artists) is borrowed from a Mark Twain short story that dealt entertainingly with the fabled eccentricity of the British and the equally well-known resourcefulness of Americans. The film is an Anglo-American enterprise, directed by Ronald (*The Promoter*) Neame, written by Jill Craigie (wife of M.P. Michael Foot), and starring Hollywood's veteran Gregory Peck.

Actor Peck is cast as a jobless U.S. clerk who falls victim in London to a wonderfully impractical joke. Two rich British brothers have made a wager: one bets that a man with no other resources could live for a month on the credit he could cadge simply by flashing a legitimate million-pound note; the other bets that he would sooner or later have to cash the bill. Peck is picked, and told that if he succeeds he can name any job he wants.

Accepting, Peck eats a hearty meal in a restaurant and then beckons the proprietor. "I'm awfully sorry," he murmurs casually, "but I don't have anything smaller." It works. It works again with an expensive tailor and again at a fashionable club. Reporters rush to interview the "vest-pocket millionaire." Heiresses of ancient lineage come to squeal like pigs in clover and an old friend shows up with a "sure thing"—a gold mine guaranteed to make millions later for thousands now. It all moves along amusingly—until the hero discovers that he has lost his million-pound note.

The trouble with the picture is that the moviegoer may really think for a minute there is going to be an unhappy ending. It is intended as farce but played like drama: the Lincoln-esque leading man winds up for each line as lugubriously as if he were trying to split rails instead of fracture the audience.

Men of the Fighting Lady (M-G-M) has moments as fiery and explosive as a bomb rack loaded with napalm. Put together from two *Satevepost* articles (by James Michener and Commander Harry Burns), the film takes a documentary look at a carrier-based jet squadron engaged in daily and seemingly profitless strafings of a North Korean railway junction. But when it struggles with its own pet moral problem ("No man is an island," etc.), the pace rapidly falls off from jet propulsion to a soporific amble.

Louis Calhern and Walter Pidgeon do most of the slowpoke moralizing. The action is in the capable hands of Frank Lovejoy, Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson and Newcomer Dewey Martin. Wynn is excellent as a retired veteran who wants to come out of the war with honor, but alive,



VAN JOHNSON
Back from Wongsang-ni.

and is therefore fated for an early death—shown in an appalling sequence, taken from official Government film, of the crash of a plane on a flight deck.

Actors Johnson and Martin ably handle the second thrill sequence: the guiding to safety of a pilot who has been blinded by antiaircraft fire. Director Andrew Marton wisely keeps the wisecracks to a minimum, while the Anasco Color and a skillful interlarding of Defense Department film give moviegoers the illusion of knowing exactly what it was like to make a bombing run on Wongsang-ni.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe's great classic, as wonderful as ever, with actor Dan O'Herlihy outwitting mutineers, cannibals and nature itself (TIME, May 24).

Executive Suite, Star-studded scramble for the presidency of a big corporation; with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Shelley Winters, etc., etc. (TIME, May 10).

Knock on Wood, Some extremely funny Kayeendas by a brilliant clown, Danny Kaye (TIME, April 26).

Night People, Capitalist meets commissar in Berlin, and Writer-Producer-Director Nunnally Johnson bangs their heads together; with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford (TIME, March 22).

Beat the Devil, John Huston and Truman Capote tell a completely wacky shaggy-dog story; with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre (TIME, March 8).

The Pickwick Papers, The first full-length film of Charles Dickens' monumental jape; with James Hayter, Donald Wolfit, Joyce Grenfell (TIME, March 1).

The Golden Coach, Jean Renoir's costume comedy of Spain's golden age, as rich in color as his father's paintings; with Anna Magnani at her best (TIME, Feb. 1).

It Should Happen to You, Judy Holliday in a sharp little Garson Kanin comedy about a girl on the make (TIME, Jan. 25).



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BOOKS

"In a Terrible Country"

CHINESE GORDON: THE STORY OF A HERO (256 pp.).—Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson—Funk & Wagnalls [\$4].

When General Charles George Gordon was spared to death at Khartoum in 1885, Queen Victoria "had difficulty in speaking." "How shall I . . . express what I feel? . . . grief inexpressible!" she wrote the hero's sister. "Indeed, it has made me ill! My heart bleeds. . . ." At the time—and for decades afterwards—Poet Arthur Rimbaud's brusquer comment, "*Gordon est un idiot*," represented the opinion of none but Poet Arthur Rimbaud.

Today, even in Britain few people could say precisely who Gordon was, what he was doing in the Sudan, why and by

but he never came near to winning his private battle with the world, the flesh and the devil.

Gordon drew two circles on paper, one marked "Body," the other "Soul." His "whole faith" consisted in believing that everything in the "Body" circle was foul and contemptible, and that only in the "Soul" circle was there "the indwelling of God." But like most people who dote on going round in circles, Gordon was always flying off at tangents.

He read the Bible ceaselessly, pressed on members of Gladstone's Cabinet copies of Dr. Samuel Clarke's *Scripture Promises*, and never wearied of asking God to carry him out of this world into "the very bright, happy land with beautiful sights and glories." But he also reveled in brandy, tobacco, the thrills of war and the

six feet by two will contain all that remains of Ambassadors, Ministers and your obedient, humble servant."

Against the Mahdi. None of this appealed much to Mr. Gladstone. But the old Queen and the hero-worshipping public knew nothing about Chinese Gordon's "Body"; they saw only the "Soul" personified, defeating and converting heathen hordes and making his name the terror of African slave traders. When Egypt was threatened by the Mahdi (a Sudanese who believed he was the supreme prophet foretold by Mahomet), there was uproar in Britain when Gladstone refused to send Gordon out to deal with him. Not until the Mahdi had built an army 300,000 strong did the Gladstone government bow to public pressure and order General Gordon to Khartoum.

Gordon sent the garrison a typical telegram: "You are men, not women. Be not afraid; I am coming." On reaching the city, in February 1884, he told the despairing commandant: "Khartoum is as safe as Kensington Gardens." For some months he actually convinced the Sudanese that he was right; even the London *Times* correspondent lost his head. "The way he pats you on the shoulder when he says 'Look here, dear fellow, now what do you advise?' would make you love him . . . He has found me badly up in Thomas à Kempis, which he reads every day . . . He is . . . the greatest and best man of this century."

But Khartoum became a besieged city. "Gordon ordered all dogs and cats and donkeys to be killed and eaten, rats to be caught and eaten . . ." The gentle Gordon changed into a holy terror—"an old man, white-haired . . . kicking, shouting, punishing." A new and terrible burden of guilt now rested on him: he knew that by defying the Mahdi's orders to surrender, he had made sure that every inhabitant of Khartoum would be slaughtered if no relief force arrived.

He spent hours on the palace roof, his telescope trained down the Nile in search of the smoke of gunboats. But he saw only the white puffs of the Mahdi's cannon. "I am quite happy, thank God," he wrote his sister in his last letter, ". . . and have tried to do my duty." Before dawn on Jan. 26, 1885, the Mahdi forced his frightened troops over Gordon's land mines and the Arab army poured into the city.

The screams of dying citizens rang in Gordon's ears as he stood unarmed at the top of the palace steps. A party of Arabs, their "bloodstained white robes [swinging] brightly in the dim light," swept up to him and halted. "Where is the Mahdi?" demanded Gordon. They made no reply. "Where is the Mahdi?" he asked again. This time, the leading sheik answered with a shrill scream: "Oh cursed one, your time is come!" and drove his spear through Gordon's body.

The relief force arrived three days later. "Gordon was avenged in the British manner," and Khartoum became the capital of that "pleasant fiction" entitled "the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan." Few of Gordon's works have survived like his legend—and



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GENERAL GORDON DIRECTING A SIEGE IN CHINA
Also, a losing battle with the devil.

whom he was murdered. Still less could they say what there was in his character and acts to justify his becoming "the Stainless Knight of the century." *Chinese Gordon* answers these questions—but in such a way that if the old Queen were still alive, she would again experience difficulty in speaking.

The Circles on Paper. The authors Hanson, who have made a solid reputation with biographies of the Brontë sisters, Jane Welsh Carlyle and George Eliot, are too fair and balanced a team to want to debunk Gordon. "But a man without fault is dreadfully dull and also extremely improbable. What . . . we asked ourselves, was this man really like?"

He was a small, blue-eyed Scot whose charm was so great that even his enemies forgave his furious temper and Messianic pomposity. He detested formal society and despised money: often his first act on taking new office would be to cut his salary. He led scratch armies to victory all the way from Nanking to Equatorial Africa,

company of handsome youths and boys. At best, this contrast between Gordon's beliefs and acts resulted in savage self-hatred.

Fanatical activity was Gordon's main answer to his troubles. He was only a captain of Engineers when he hit China like a bomb and smashed the power of the Taipings, a host of rebels who were destroying both their own government and British trading rights. A brilliant sapper and artilleryman, he blew gaps in walled towns that were deemed untakable and led his skimpy "armies" through the breaches, puffing gaily on a cigar and waving a bamboo cane. He parleyed with his enemies, but if they resisted both God's word and Gordon's charm he turned scarlet with rage, called for a Chinese dictionary and laid a trembling finger against the word "idiot." He sent home the most extraordinary dispatches ever received by the Foreign Office. "Anyhow, it matters little," he concluded a report on the Turkish Empire. "A few years hence a piece of ground

For the Record



Dwane L. Wallace, President, Cessna Aircraft Company

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From an Article by
Dwane L. Wallace

President
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Wichita, Kansas

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There are still many specialized demands in the transportation field that the aircraft companies are being called upon to fulfill. Helicopters may well be the answer to some of these demands. Undoubtedly because of the helicopters' versatility and ability to operate in otherwise inaccessible terrain, this aircraft will certainly fill some of the present demands.

It has become a proven fact that once a business operation adjusts itself to the use of personalized air travel it is hard put to get along without it. In many ways this is no different than the farmer who has mechanized his farm operation, the office which has replaced outmoded hand bookkeeping with modern business machinery, or the factory which has installed modern automatic machines. If the farmer, or the office worker, or the factory manager was suddenly denied the use of this new equipment, serious delay would result. The same is true in the case of the businessman who has integrated aviation into his daily activities.

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May 13, 1954.

few Britons are likely to swap this for the brave man of flesh & blood who used humbly to say: "I've been very low, old fellow. Don't be hard on me. This is a terrible country."

The Hero as Businessman

THE MAGICIANS [246 pp.]—J. B. Priestley—Harper (\$3).

THE POWER AND THE PRIZE [326 pp.]—Howard Swiggett—Ballantine (\$3.50).

The businessman in the fiction of the '20s and '30s not merely seemed a boor and a menace: he was scarcely a real human being. He was a full-time symbol, unable to buy a new necktie without illustrating "conspicuous consumption," or to fall in love without serving as a comment on "bourgeois morality." But in recent years, the businessman has been emerging as a human and something of a hero. The trend seems transatlantic. In the past year Britain's Nigel Balchin published *Private Interests* and in 1952 the U.S.'s Cameron Hawley contributed *Executive Suite*. Fresh bows to the businessman are now made by Britain's Socialist Novelist J. B. Priestley in *The Magicians* and the U.S.'s Republican Novelist Howard Swiggett in *The Power and the Prize*. Priestley's book is suave, but wanders off into drawing-room speculation; Swiggett's novel is crude, though closer to boardroom politics.

Soma & Dianetics. On the first page of *The Magicians*, Sir Charles Ravenstreet's directorial colleagues of a quarter-century hand him a humiliating surprise. Instead of making him managing director of New Central Electric Co., they jump an accounting whiz-kid over his head and hand Ravenstreet the consolation prize of production chief. Fed up, fiftieth and rich, Ravenstreet resigns. A childless widower with a bad marriage behind him, he holes up with his books at first, then starts roving the nightclubs, even beds down for a joyless hour with an opulent blonde.

His life, he soon realizes, is not only at loose ends but at a meaningless dead end. An egocentric tycoon named Lord Mervil seems to offer a way out when he asks Ravenstreet to join him in the mass production of a pill rather like the soma of Huxley's *Brave New World*. No larger than an aspirin, it banishes all anxiety and induces a state of euphoric serenity. But before Ravenstreet says yes, his life takes a strange new turn.

He plays host to three piliated old men who have lost their lodgings. Busy as the dwarfs in *Snow White*, they ply him with mummy jumbo and a brand of higher Dianetics called "time alive," by which Ravenstreet can relive key events in his past with the added wisdom of hindsight. Under the influence of time alive, Ravenstreet realizes that he should have married an adoring mistress rather than the boss's daughter, and that Mervil and associates are evil men, anxious to clamp a power-mad elite on drug-happy masses (the theories of the '30s reappear here for a spell). Outfitted with a new set of values, Ravenstreet breaks with Lord

first flight

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Mervil and wins the forgiveness of his erstwhile mistress on her deathbed. Ravenstreet is eager to thank the three "magicians" for everything, but they have vanished into the thin upper air of Author Priestley's somewhat pixilated imagination. A deft master of pace, Priestley keeps his story interesting, long after all its preposterous plot lines have become tangents.

Love & Chemistry. Cleves Barwick, hero of *The Power* and *The Prize*, thinks he has his head screwed on the right way. At the age of 40 he is married only to Allied Materials Corp. and is heir apparent to its chairman, an expansive barrel of platitudes named Salt. Barwick's chore is to negotiate with a London firm over a revolutionary chemical process. While in London, he runs into a sad-eyed Viennese refugee named Rachel Linka. Love turns out to be a revolutionary chemical process that Barwick knows little about.

The negotiations bog down. Back in New York, Chairman Salt—who has been keeping a blonde cutie in a midtown flat for 20 years—tells Barwick that he must not marry Rachel: it would "wreck your career." In a knockdown fight, with one melodramatic round following another, Cleves Barwick battles for 1) Rachel, 2) the British process and 3) the chairmanship of Allied Materials Corp.

There are spurts of life in *The Power* and *The Prize*, particularly when Author Swiggett draws on his own 35-year background in business. But too often, the life is choked out of it by a love story that consistently mates the silly with the highfalutin in action and dialogue, e.g., "Darling, now I truly love you. You have a recording of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet with Kell."

The Literary Piano

THE TYPEWRITER AND THE MEN WHO MADE IT (149 pp.)—Richard N. Current—University of Illinois Press (\$3.50).

THE WONDERFUL WRITING MACHINE (236 pp.)—Bruce Bliven Jr.—Random House (\$3.95).

When the steel pen was replacing the quill around 1800 A.D., the world thought it had chipped and scratched its way to some kind of penman's peak. But steel pens could be pushed no faster than 30 words a minute. By 1867, no less than 51 men had tried and failed to invent a machine that would write faster. The 52nd, Christopher Latham Sholes of Milwaukee, succeeded. And in its own way, the typewriter started as big a revolution as the mass-produced Ford.

Among other things, it created a whole new white-collar class, largely ruined penmanship, made correspondence vastly easier (though not necessarily better), inaugurated the age of carbon copies and their useless proliferation in innumerable filing cabinets, handed writers an alarmingly facile weapon of self-expression. Anybody who wants to know almost anything concerning the typewriter, can find it in Historian Richard N. Current's *The Typewriter* and the Men Who Made It and Journalist Bruce Bliven Jr.'s *The Won-*



Courtesy Miss Priscilla Densmore

INVENTOR SHOLES & PRODUCT

The revolutionary looked stichtatory.

derful Writing Machine. Current's book is a detailed history of the typewriter's origins. Bliven's book is a livelier but less meaty study, bringing the story of the writing machine up to date with the latest electric model.

A Pretty Tune. The typewriter's future was obscure in its infancy. Not even Inventor Sholes had faith in it. But Promoter James Densmore, like Sholes a former newspaperman, believed in it "from the top-most corner of my hat to the bottom-most head of the nails of my boot heels." He wanted to play Sholes' "literary piano" to the tune of a million dollars.

For six years while waiting for the right tune, Promoter Densmore went into debt, slept in a garret, wore shabby clothes and often lived on apples and soda crackers. During that time, he prodded Sholes into turning out machine after machine. When Densmore got a new model, he gave it to a compliant friend with precise instructions: "Give it a good thrashing. Find out its weak spots . . . Sholes is sick of experimenting, but I am going [to] make the thing work or pound the hell out of it."

In 1873, Densmore was satisfied that at last he had a marketable product, and made a deal with E. Remington & Sons, manufacturers of guns and sewing machines, to produce his writing machine. Densmore hoped his typewriter would "become as important in the literary world as the sewing machine is in the stichtatory world." and Remington obliged, at least in respect to looks. The first Remington resembled a sewing machine right down to its treadle.

A Pioneering Author. One of its first buyers was Mark Twain. "I believe it will print faster than I can write," he typed. "It piles an awful stack of words on one page. It don't muss things or scatter ink blots around." But sales were not helped by people who mistook typed letters for

printed circulars, nor by those who indignantly protested that letters did not have to be printed for them, they "could read writin'!" Nonetheless, by the time Promoter Densmore died in 1889, he had built an estate worth about half a million dollars on the writing machine. Unfortunately, inventor Sholes sold his rights before the profits poured in.

Today, 80 years after the first Remington appeared, the typewriter has become inescapable. A U.S. battleship, notes Reporter Bliven, requires 35 typewriters on board as it meets the enemy, and when the army advances, there are "more [typewriters] within 4,000 yards of the front lines than medium and light artillery pieces combined." In typewriter ribbons and carbons alone, the volume of business in the U.S. is almost \$50 million. Not even Promoter Densmore had ever imagined that the "literary piano" would make music like that.

Anybody Seen O'Brien?

STRANGER COME HOME (369 pp.)—William L. Shirer—Little, Brown (\$3.95).

William Lawrence (*Berlin Diary*) Shirer is not the man to stop writing novels just because he is not very good at it. His latest is *Stranger Come Home*, which comes with the assurance that all its characters are "imaginary." But any moderately attentive reader will begin naming the originals who inspired them almost at once, will feel in the end what is sadly true; that *Stranger* is a sour mash of stale news stories. The only bit of imagination connected with Author Shirer's book is the startling notion of calling it a novel.

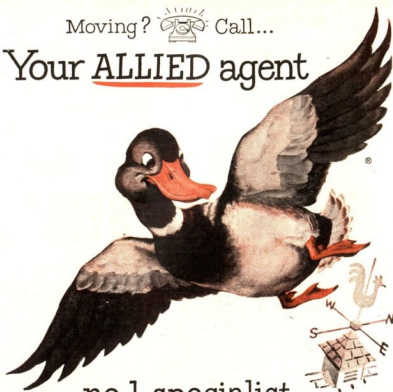
Stranger is written in the form of a diary. It is being kept by Raymond Whitehead, who returns to the U.S. after many years as a foreign correspondent to become a news broadcaster (a career that parallels Author Shirer's). Hero Whitehead had once been in the foreign service, but the State Department had found his reports "too literary." Someone must have been letting him down gently, Whitehead-Shirer uses "tomes" and "major opus" for books, "espied" for saw, "eminent solon" for Senator. When Whitehead is thinking deeply, as he does one day at a baseball game, he writes of the fans: "Most of them, I suppose, have mediocre jobs and live in drab houses and have little learning and no appreciation of art."

When Senator O'Brien (an "imaginary" character who is responsible for a vicious climate called O'Brienism) goes after Whitehead on trumped-up charges of being a Soviet agent, a lot of recent imaginary history is tediously rewritten. Badgered by O'Brien, his job lost, Whitehead takes off for a Connecticut farm where he bravely exults to diary: "Farming and writing—that will be a life!"

Cutting O'Brien down to size may be a worthy aim, but there must be a less tedious way of doing it. If there were a Fifth Amendment for literature, Author Shirer should have invoked it. By insisting on being heard, he has clearly incriminated himself as a dreary novelist.

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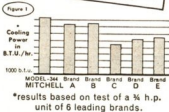
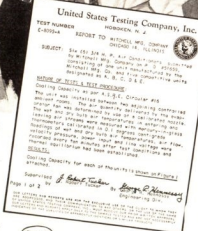
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Home Run. In Atmore, Ala., a baseball game between Atmore State Prison and Kilby Prison ended abruptly in the fourth inning, when prison guards took their eyes off the game long enough to discover that 19 convicts had cut their way to escape through a steel-mesh fence.

Shorn. In Doylestown, Pa., Charles Messantonio was sentenced to a year in jail for stealing and cashing checks after his attorney pleaded in court: "His family always considered him a black sheep, and that's the name he's lived up to."

Handy Reference. In Milwaukee, police wondered how burglars had stolen \$1,200 from the Sailor Ann's tavern's locked, undamaged safe until Owner Gerrit Stell admitted that, since he could never remember the combination, he had scribbled it on a calendar over the safe.

Maw's Delays. In Los Angeles, retired Blacksmith Abraham Jones won an annulment of his marriage when he complained that his wife Amelia "had no love for me," once took three days to cook a chicken.

Wear & Tear. In San Antonio, held on suspicion of robbery, Robert Middleton asked officials to transfer him from the city jail to the county jail, complained that he was living in unsanitary conditions, had to eat poor food, at night could not sleep because of the noise made by newly jailed drunks.

Commandment 8-a. In Levittown, Pa., thefts of top soil from the grounds of the Hope Lutheran Church stopped after the Rev. Charles L. Ertman posted a sign reading: THOU SHALT NOT STEAL CHURCH TOP SOIL.

Overstaffed. In Chicago, seeking a divorce, Mrs. Marilyn Reilly testified that, after a 99-day honeymoon cruise, her husband Vincent informed her that since he already had a housekeeper, a chauffeur and a laundress, he did not need a wife.

Rendezvous. In Birmingham, Mrs. Earl Andrews told police that someone had broken into her parked car, made off with two tickets to the forthcoming policemen's ball.

The Big Push. In Milwaukee, charged with speeding 64 m.p.h. through city streets, Motorist Arthur Garrett was fined \$50 despite his excuse: "Another car pushed me."

For the Record. In Nashville, charged with drunkenness, Vernon Shelton was asked by the judge how long it had been since he was last in the city jail, was promptly acquitted when he replied: "One year, six months, seven days, twelve hours, ten minutes and three seconds."



It is the essence of hospitality
to let your guests see
what you are serving.

You need never hesitate when it is

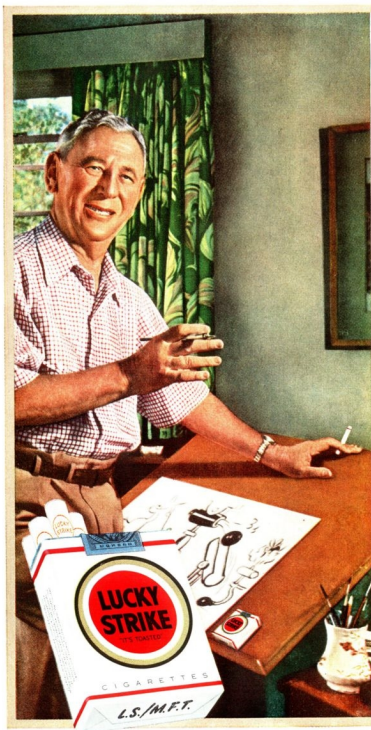
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A FEW WORDS ON HUMOR

from Pulitzer Prize-Winning Cartoonist

RUBE GOLDBERG

I finished a drawing recently and smiled as only a cartoonist can smile when he thinks he's done something humorous. Yet, when I showed it to my son, it went over with a dull thud.

I guess what's a guffaw to the gander isn't always funny to the goose. Things I find amusing often fall flat with other people.

There is, I claim, nothing so personal as our sense of humor except, perhaps, our sense of taste. Personally, I like chocolate ice cream better than vanilla. The only seafood I really like comes wrapped in shells. And the only cigarette I really like comes wrapped in packages labeled Lucky Strike.

To yours truly Luckies taste just right. Obviously, this is all a matter of taste—and Luckies taste better to me.

This explains why I buy them (I can hear a dull thud coming) by the cartoon.

A few words from Lucky Strike

We go along with Rube Goldberg when he says that smoking is all a matter of taste. The fact of the matter is—Luckies taste better.

We submit that Luckies taste better for two reasons. First, they're made of fine tobacco. (L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.) Second, Luckies are made better to taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother.

So Be Happy—Go Lucky. Remember, Luckies are made by The American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

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